

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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ITALY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

MEDIAEVAL Italy has the misfortune, as far as its fame is concerned, of being placed between two periods of such exceeding interest and attraction that its own luster, by no means diminutive, appears dim in comparison. Most people, when they think of Italy, think of the Italy of Rome, republican and imperial, of Romulus and the Scipios and the Cæsars, of the Samnite and the Punic wars. Even if they have no taste for ancient history, Italy is to them little but a synonym for Rome, with her Leos and her Gregories and her Urbans, her Bomba and Garibaldi and Mazzini, her Pius IX and Victor Emmanuel. And yet if Italy had never destroyed Carthage; if the tread of her soldiery had never been heard in transalpine lands; if Virgil had never gilded her ignoble and cloudy origin with a rainbow of transcendent genius; if Horace and Ovid had not sung the very songs of Venus herself, and given love a dialect in which she may body her most precious thoughts; if there had been no Rome of plebeians and patricians, of consuls and tribunes and emperors, of popes and cardinals,—yet there would have been events of sufficient importance, and history of as strong attraction to the philosophic student, as to turn toward Italy the eyes and thought of the civilized world. Not even all historical students realize that during the Middle Ages Italy, especially Lombardy, was the

focus of commercial and warlike enterprise, of political complications, and of scientific research. This subject, too, should have special interest for Americans; for it was in Northern Italy that the genius of republicanism, banished from Greece and Rome and Carthage, found a genial home. The spirit of liberty has preserved to herself in all ages some who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of despotism; and during the dark ages these hardy souls were to be found behind the walls of Genoa and Pisa, Milan, Venice, and Cremona.

My present object is not so much to give a dry, detailed account of mediæval Italian history as to illustrate some of its more salient points, and excite some more interest upon this important section of our world's annals.

The history of the twelfth century discloses a very singular posture of affairs in Northern Italy. There we see an immense plain, thickly populated, not seamed or trenced by any natural lines of division, the people all speaking a common tongue, and yet not united into one state, but split up into a number of minute but wholly independent republics. Each little city was the metropolis of a surrounding territory, often not one-fourth the size of an ordinary American county. Poor Artemus Ward said that there is a great deal of human nature in man; and this is equally true of states. We scarcely

need to be told the result of this state of political affairs. War to the knife with her neighbors was the normal condition of each republic, the more powerful tyrannizing over the weaker. These latter found their only chance for existence in seeking the protection of some more distant city. The two great cities, Milan and Pavia, were by far the strongest and most important of all these republics. Between these two cities, a level plain, about twenty miles in length, formed the only separation. Disputes about boundaries were therefore very likely to give occasion to quarrels, into which, on account of their perpetual rivalry, the inhabitants entered with only too great zest. Very frequently, however, they did not themselves engage directly in combat, but each city contented herself with assailing those weaker neighbors which were under the protection of her rival; just as the big boys of one school will amuse themselves by beating the little boys of a neighboring school. Brute force with little military skill was all that was displayed in these incessant petty squabbles. One of the towns would send out a raiding party to destroy or carry off the crops, and the outraged neighbor usually did not suffer much time to elapse without adopting retaliatory measures. After a series of such mutual hostilities had raised to the boiling point the military ardor of the citizens on both sides, the next step in the proceedings was to appoint a day for an appeal to arms, and a convenient position on the frontier was selected. Thither, marshaled around their consecrated cars, marched all the citizens, and a battle was fought, which usually terminated the campaign.

The sacred car, or *carroccio*, to which I have referred, was four-wheeled, and drawn by four pairs of oxen. In its center was fixed a lofty mast, with a gilded globe at the top, both car and mast being painted a bright red color. Near the summit of the mast, the image of the Savior, his arms extended on the cross, appeared to bless the army. Beneath it the standard of the republic fluttered;

and on the platform below, from which the mast arose, were stationed some of the most valiant soldiers. The loss of this standard was considered the deepest disgrace which could befall any city. Its advantages, in a military sense, were to give steadiness to the infantry, and to prevent a retreat becoming a panic.

The issue of these petty skirmishes was often ludicrous. Honor rather than material advantage, and the disgrace rather than the destruction of an opponent, were frequently the objects aimed at. Thus, in the year 1108, the Milanese, having captured some Pavians, paraded them in one of the squares of Milan. There they tied their hands behind their backs, and then, having, in order to quicken their pace, fastened a lighted torch to each of them in the rear, threw open the gates, and hooted them out of the town. But frequently these wars terminated far more seriously. The most remarkable war of the period, the one which gave Milan a decided preponderance among the family of republics, was her contest with the little town of Como. We are indebted for our knowledge of this war to a contemporary Latin poem, of most doubtful Latinity and versification. Most who have waded through it will join heartily in the writer's ascription: "*Finito libro, referatur gratia Christo*" (Let praise be rendered to Christ that the book is finished).

The war arose from the rivalries of candidates for the Papal chair. A herald was dispatched from Milan to Como with a declaration of war, and he was speedily followed by the Milanese forces with their *carroccio*. The Comasques sallied out to meet them, and a battle ensued, which was carried on till night without any decisive result. But in the darkness, the Milanese, by following the dry bed of a river, succeeded in reaching Como, and, finding the town defenseless, burst open the gates, and set it on fire. At day-break, the Comasques, seeing that the enemy had slipped away from them, set out for their town; and great was their excitement when, on reaching the

ridge of a hill commanding the city, they perceived it wrapped in flames. They rushed down furiously, fell on the triumphant Milanese, who were scattered through the city plundering, completely routed them, extinguished the flames, and shut the gates. But the great city of Milan was too proud and self-confident to relinquish the struggle for so slight a check. Nearly all the cities of Lombardy united with her against the devoted little city. For eight years the siege was continued, without the besiegers gaining any advantage. Year after year, the Lombard armies encamped round its walls; from Spring to Fall the struggle was prolonged, with heavy losses; and at the beginning of Winter the besiegers would annually raise the siege, after making proclamation by their herald that, at a given date next Spring, they would resume their work. At last the allied forces became ashamed of their ineffectual efforts, and roused all their energy to crush the courageous little city. Four towers, defended from fire by hurdles covered with raw hides, were constructed; and two *gatti*, a species of battering-ram armed with a powerful iron hook to pull out loosened stones from the walls, were suspended between them. These engines were advanced to the ramparts, and, in spite of the desperate resistance of the besieged, the allies succeeded in establishing a breach. But the resolution of the citizens did not desert them. Near them, on the shore of the lake, stood the strong castle of Vico. The citizens resolved to evacuate the town in the night, and establish themselves there. They embarked, with their wives and children, on board their little fleet. Next morning Como was empty, and the ramparts of Vico were bristling with armed men; and the allies, utterly discouraged at the prospect of having to begin another tedious war with such resolute antagonists, offered honorable terms of capitulation, which the Comasques were glad enough to accept.

The reign of Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, which began in

1153, is in a great measure the history of Italy. Master of the combined forces of Germany, he saw that Italy was the field marked out for the triumphs of his arms. He was not long in finding pretexts for interfering in Italian affairs. As the dissensions of Irish chieftains in Henry II's time gave England her first foothold in Ireland, so the rivalries of Italian republics made them forget that the foreign aid they called in would cost them their freedom. Two private citizens of Lodi, who happened to be in Constance when the Emperor was there, implored his help to release their countrymen from the intolerable yoke of the Milanese. Right willingly did Frederick return a gracious answer; he overlooked the fact that these men had not been authorized by their city to make an appeal to him; and an imperial officer, one Sicherius, was dispatched with a letter to the Milanese, requiring them immediately to renounce their usurped jurisdiction over Lodi. The envoy went first to the villages in which Milan had quartered the inhabitants of Lodi when she destroyed their town, and told them his mission, thinking they would be delighted in being patronized by so powerful a potentate. But great was his astonishment and disgust, when he found that, instead of receiving Frederick's promise of assistance with delighted gratitude, the whole population almost went into fits with terror. Frederick could give them no help for at least a twelvemonth, while a few hours' march, could bring the Milanese army upon them. Their town was already in ashes; their present habitations were wholly defenseless; and the insolent letter of Frederick was calculated to excite to fury these powerful and proximate foes. They entreated Sicherius to suppress the Emperor's letter altogether, or at least to delay its presentation till the arrival of the German army. But he indignantly refused, and forthwith proceeded to Milan. Arrived there, the consuls received him in state, in presence of the assembled citizens, and his dispatches were read aloud by a

herald. Words fail to express the wrath of the Milanese. The unfortunate letter was snatched out of the hands of the herald, torn to pieces, and trampled on; and Sicherius wished most devoutly that he had taken the advice of the magistrates of Lodi, for it was with considerable difficulty that he escaped from the hands of the raging mob. Meanwhile, the citizens of Lodi were in mortal terror. They sent their wives and children, and other valuables, to Pavia or Cremona; and the male population appear to have spent the most of their time wandering in the woods, in momentary dread of the arrival of the Milanese army. But it did not come. The Milanese cooled down a little, and, judging discretion to be the better part of valor, thought it unadvisable to compromise themselves unnecessarily with Frederick, who was very shortly expected in Italy. In October, 1154, he came, with a large army. He soon found that Lombardy was divided into two leagues, headed respectively by Milan and Pavia. He saw, too, that the Milanese party was considerably the stronger of the two. Accordingly, Frederick, with great astuteness, resolved to favor the Pavians; for he knew that his assistance being indispensable to them, he would ever remain their master: whereas, if, on the other hand, he gave his support to Milan, that city would soon have no need of his good services. As yet, however, he did not openly declare hostilities, but marched across the Milanese territory, allowing his soldiery to plunder. Early next year, on a march to Pavia, he encountered a gallant resistance from Tortona, an ally of Milan. This little town resisted his whole army for more than two months, although they were reduced to the greatest extremities for want of water,—the besiegers having polluted their only fountain, by filling its source with dead bodies, and throwing in burning pitch and brimstone. By this device the town was at last compelled to surrender; but the refugees were hospitably entertained by the members of the Milanese league, and the consuls of Milan

bound themselves, on the part of their city, to rebuild Tortona as soon as the German army had taken their departure for Pavia. No time was lost in redeeming their promise. They presented to the national assembly the hapless refugees from Tortona, victims to their patriotic devotion to the cause of Lombardy, and speedily obtained a decree for the rebuilding of their city at the public expense. But the treasury was empty, and the citizens, who were unable to contribute in money, could only give their labor instead. Two of the six divisions of Milan were commissioned for the work. The entire population of these selected divisions, nobles and plebeians, cavalry and infantry, repaired to the ruins of Tortona. The history of the rebuilding of this city reminds us of Nehemiah's difficulties in repairing the broken walls of Jerusalem in the face of Sanballat and his army. Exposed while at work, like the Jews, to the attacks of their enemies, the Milanese were obliged to act alternately as soldiers and masons during their stay. Once the Pavians succeeded in driving the Milanese out of the lower town to take refuge in the upper, where the greater part of them still defended their unfinished ramparts. Some, however, ignominiously took refuge in a church; but, after the repulse of the assailants, the consuls held up these citizens to eternal infamy by recording their names on the church door.

Meanwhile, Frederick, anxious to obtain the investiture of the imperial crown of Germany from the Pope, hastened on to Rome. The haughty monarch was much humiliated by being compelled to hold his Holiness's stirrup while he dismounted from his horse. The anger which he was obliged at the time to conceal, burst out soon afterward against some other dignitaries, whom he could more safely assail. The senate of Rome sent their ambassadors to meet him, and he gave them audience in his camp. They began to read their address:

"Incline your ear to the queen of cities," they said, "approach with a

friendly and peaceful mind the precincts of Rome, which has cast away the yoke of the clergy, and is impatient to crown her legitimate emperor. By the wisdom of the senate, and the valor of the Equestrian order, Rome in former ages extended her victorious arms to the east and west, and over the islands of the ocean. Do you not hear the language of the Roman matron?—"You were a guest, I have adopted you as a citizen; a transalpine stranger, I have elected you for my sovereign. Your first and most sacred duty is to swear that you will shed your blood for the republic; that you will maintain in peace and justice the laws of the city and the charters of your predecessors; and that you will reward, with five thousand pounds of silver, the faithful senators who shall proclaim your titles in the Capitol."

Frederick's indignation was gradually gathering during the progress of this grandiloquent address. He was not at all sure that his imperial position was due to the generosity of the Roman citizens, but when the ambassadors arrived at the explicit sum, in hard cash, which the patriotic senators considered their due, his wrath boiled over. He interrupted the astonished deputies, who had not nearly finished their highly polished oration. He told them he had no intention of disputing the merits of the ancient Romans, but that the present inhabitants were in a very different position. He referred to the deliverances of Rome by Charlemagne and Otho, and the dominion which those sovereigns had thereby acquired. "I claim you," he continued, "by the rights of inheritance and of possession, and who shall dare to extort you from my hands? Am I not encompassed by the banners of a potent and invincible army? You venture to prescribe the measure and the objects of my bounty, which flows in a copious but voluntary stream. All will be given to patient merit: all will be denied to rude importunity."

The disconcerted ambassadors hastily retired from the imperial presence, and,

returning to Rome, were closely followed by a detachment of one thousand German cavalry, which latter body obtained possession of the Leonine city. Thus Frederick and Adrian were able next day, without any opposition, to enter the suburbs. The Romans, behind the barricade which the Germans had erected to keep back the citizens, were asked for their suffrages. They replied with yells of wrath and defiance. These maledictions the Germans interpreted as favorable votes, and, all bowing graciously to the infuriated citizens, the Pope placed on Frederick's head the imperial crown.

But the republican spirit broke out anew, and the precarious character of Frederick's influence showed itself in the sequel of the day's proceedings. When the ceremony was completed, the newly crowned Emperor withdrew, with his army, to the camp without the walls; but no sooner was the guard removed from the barricade, than the exasperated Romans rushed across, and massacred every adherent of the Emperor who was unlucky enough to fall into their hands. Frederick hastily reassembled his soldiers, and returned; but the Roman militia fought with the utmost gallantry all that day against the entire German army, and were only finally dispersed after the loss of one thousand men.

The hot weather now coming on, and his troops becoming impatient to return home, the Emperor was soon obliged to disband the greater part of his army. With his remaining troops, he set out on his homeward march, purposing to traverse the territory of Verona. But it was the prudent custom of the Veronese never to admit an imperial army to pass through their streets. They preferred building, at their own expense, a bridge without the walls, for the express purpose of the transit; and, when Frederick, on this occasion, entered their territory, with a greatly weakened force, they thought that now was the time to avenge themselves on the devastator of Italy and his savage hordes. They constructed the bridge for the passage of the army so as

to form a snare: the boats on which the planks were supported were but slightly fastened together; and the intention of the Veronese was, when half of the German army had crossed, to launch down the stream enormous balks of timber, which, striking against the ill-compacted bridge, would be sufficient to sweep it away. They considered that the army, being thus divided, and without any means of communication, might be easily annihilated in detail. But, fortunately for Frederick, his march had been accelerated,

the rear of his army having suffered much annoyance from the peasants, who endeavored in this manner to avenge themselves on their plunderers; and thus the army were safely across before the bridge gave way. The Emperor perceived the snare that had been laid for him, but he did not feel himself strong enough to resent it. He continued his march, and before long arrived in Bavaria, after a year's absence on his Italian campaign.

GEORGE C. JONES.

OUT IN THE SNOW.

YOU remember that snowy Sunday in the first part of March? I never saw it snow harder in my life. It seemed as though the very windows of heaven were opened again; only, instead of rain, they poured forth an eternal flood of "beautiful snow."

At daylight we looked out the window. It was snowing; the ground was already white, and growing whiter. The flakes were fine and small then, and filled the atmosphere with a mist which was like the diaphanous veil of a goddess. Presently the flakes grew larger, and yet larger, until I give you my word of honor that some of those snow-flakes looked as large as a spool of thread. Then the white began to creep up along the sides of the houses, and to deck the tops of the fences with a snow-cap. People who came in out of the storm looked like old Santa Claus in the children's picture-books, and came in stamping heavily, and shaking themselves till the snow-flakes fell in all directions.

Still it snowed.

At eleven o'clock the flakes grew fine and thin again, and the bank of cloud overhead half parted in the middle, as if it would presently let the sunshine through. "It is going to quit snowing,"

we said, looking out of the windows. But no! Presently the cloud bank closed up in the middle again, darker, heavier than ever; and then the snow began in earnest, as though it had only been "foolin'" before. Bless your heart, how it did snow! The flakes darkened all the air, so thick and fast did they come. Higher and higher up the houses crept the snow-line; and the snow-cap on the fences became so heavy that, here and there, it tumbled off, of its own weight, like those monstrous chignons fashionable ladies used to wear.

Travel on the streets nearly ceased that afternoon. Once in a while, forced out by necessity, a lonely straggler hurried by,—mayhap a perplexed soul rushing after a doctor; or may be a grumbling Church sexton, making his way through the blinding storm to poke at the church fires, and make ready for the empty benches of the evening. Empty, of course, for who would go out in that snow, to Church or anywhere else? Even the street-cars nearly ceased their rumbling. Those which still struggled feebly through the blocked-up streets had four horses to them instead of two; and every few minutes they stopped to rest the horses, whose steaming coats and panting

sides showed the labor it was to drag the clogged wheels even a few steps.

Twilight deepened into darkness, and the lamp-lighter waded with his ladder from lamp-post to lamp-post, lighting the gas in the streets; and then as the snow-flakes fell through the gas-light, they gleamed like untold millions of diamonds. Still they fell, though, beautifying the face of mother earth, changing the marks of human unsightliness and defacement

"Into something rich and strange."

Out yonder are the great, ugly slaughter-pens. Usually you hold your nose, and turn your head away, when you pass them. On that snowy Sunday, no Spring landscape could excel them in their strange, heaven-like beauty. A little way up there, too, is that awful tanyard, where was done a murder so fearful that it makes your flesh creep over your bones to hear of it. The old tanyard is a grewsome place, so weird, dark, and uncanny, that you shudder when you pass it; because the very air of it seems poisoned and heavy with the breath of some awful, bloody mystery. It is such a place as Macbeth's witches might have held their horrid dance in. The morning after that Sunday, the grewsome old tanyard lay there as pure and peaceful, and as beautiful, as a baby's grave, with the kindly snow covering it all.

On the night of that snowy Sunday, we two drew our chairs closer to the grate, and brooded together over our troubles. Life has not been sunshine to us two; and may be, at the happiest of times, we look at this earthly pilgrimage with hearts which are a little bit soured for a steady thing, with eyes always somewhat darkened and disappointed. But that snowy night, I remember, it was worse than usual. All the little sweetness life had ever bestowed on us two, seemed too thin to sugar-coat the cud of bitter fancies that night. The Giant Despair seemed to have assailed our two souls, and we had fought him until we had well-nigh given up the battle. He had as-

sailed us with the unconquerable weapons of poverty and sickness. I don't know, even yet, whether the Giant Despair will not overcome us two at the last. Ah, well! it takes a mint of money to make any body thoroughly comfortable in this world, I've noticed.

Ten o'clock struck, and we two still sat brooding sorrowfully. The Giant Despair was fearfully near winning the battle at that moment. A loud ring came at the door. We opened it. A man stood outside, shaking and stamping the snow off. He did not come in, but handed us a note.

"Read that, if you please," he said.

I have the note yet. I think it was written in the most exquisitely beautiful hand I ever saw. The note was inclosed in a tiny yellow envelope, such as I have seen jewelers seal up rings and small articles in, when they had mended them. Now, as I write this, I take the tiny yellow envelope from my desk, and look at it. It is directed as follows, in the exquisite hand I told you of:

"To the gentleman of this house."

We opened the envelope, and on a neat slip of paper, in the beautiful writing, with every point, dot, and letter as correct as an old-maid school-mistress could have put it, was written this:

"SIR,—There is a man at your door who is hungry, and has no place to sleep to-night. Please assist him, and you will have done an act of charity."

The man stood quietly outside the door, without a word or movement. We looked up in a moment, feeling bewildered, as if we were in a dream.

"Who wrote this?" we said at last.

"I wrote it, sir."

"Do *you* want something to eat?"

"I should be very glad of something to eat, sir."

"Come in, then, for gracious sake! come in," said we two, both at once.

He stepped inside, through the hall, and into the room, beside the grate, where we two had been brooding over our troubles. He was neatly dressed in dark clothes, and his skin was clean, fair,

and delicate. He took a clean handkerchief and wiped the damp from his face. His hands were clean and shapely; his eyes were bright, large, and honest; there was no particle of liquor-smell about him, and no shadow of dissipation on his face. The word "gentleman" seemed written over him, from head to foot. He sat down beside the fire, and warmed his hands, while we got him something to eat. But he did not speak a word until we, full of curiosity, as you may well imagine, asked him some questions. In answer to something we said, he told us he was a printer by trade.

"Why, I thought printers could always get work," I said.

"Madam," said the gentleman, "there are three hundred printers out of employment in this city to-night."

"But can't you get into the — office?" we asked him.

"I might as well try to get into heaven, as that office."

Though, to be sure, heaven and a printing-office are not very much alike, I should think.

I brought him something to eat, cold scraps, and bread and butter, and some potatoes left of dinner. Between ourselves, it's been a mystery to me ever since, how I got together enough for the man's supper, that snowy Sunday night, ten o'clock. It was a poor time to make a raid on a careless housekeeper's larder, you see. He turned to the cold potatoes and mackerel backbone with a sort of princely air; and, as sure as you are alive, I felt painfully embarrassed and guilty at the thought that I was offering charity to that man. I could n't have helped the feeling to save my life.

He ate the mackerel backbone and bread and butter and the potatoes with

the air of a prince too, but of a prince who is very hungry indeed. I noticed that he ate with his fork, and was otherwise as nice and dainty in his manners as the most refined young lady. How on earth came such a man to be supperless? Heaven only knows. It seemed much the same as if a prince of the blood-royal should take to street begging. I suppose this was only one of the strange, sorrowful incidents of the strange, sorrowful panic year. But I wonder how many more years the dark and dreary panic year will last.

The man finished all the cold bits but one piece of bread and butter. I felt ashamed as could be, but I wrapped it up in a paper and handed it to him, and he put it in his pocket. He stood a moment, with his hat in his hand, and held the door open, before he started to go. He had a most musical, pleasant voice, and he said this:

"Believe me, I shall be ever grateful for your kindness. If it is ever in my power to return the favor, I shall do so; and some day I may be able."

Saying which, he turned his face toward the cold and the darkness, and went again "out into the snow." We two shut the door quietly, and sat down beside our fire, bright for that night at least, without speaking a word.

We had found somebody who was poorer than we were.

Who was this gentleman, that came through the snow that night, begging for something to eat? I do not know. I have not found out to this day. But do you know, I have the strangest superstition about him. It appears to me that that man is in some mysterious, occult way—how, perhaps I shall never know—connected with the fortunes of us two.

ELIZA ARCHARD.

MARTHA OF BETHANY.

VERY little is said by the evangelists concerning Martha. But the few brief sentences that make up the record of her life are full of interest. They discover to us a character clearly and sharply defined, and suggest valuable lessons of instruction.

It is generally supposed that she was the eldest of her household, perhaps the proprietress of the establishment. The house is said to have been hers. Her parents had probably died while Mary and Lazarus were of tender years, and on her had devolved their tuition and government, as well as the care and management of all the temporal affairs of the family. At all events, she was the one in authority, the ruling spirit of the household, and felt herself chiefly responsible for its condition and reputation.

But while this is presumptive evidence, it is not proof, of her seniority. Family authority is by no means always in the hands that should wield it. The wife frequently controls the husband, the child sometimes the parent, and very often the younger sister the elder. From prudential considerations,—to avoid the "little unpleasantness" of tears, of domestic dissensions, and moping misery,—the scepter is yielded to those to whom it does not rightfully belong. There are some characters in which self-assertion is the predominant element. Such characters, sustained by a determined purpose, invariably make themselves felt. Possibly, Martha may have gained her position as mistress of the family by some such element as this in her character.

She is introduced to us as an industrious, energetic housekeeper,—like Solomon's model woman, looking well to the ways of her household. No doubt she was an early riser. She did not doze away the best hours of the day in languid irresolution and indolence; but, with the first blush of the morning, and the waking up of the feathered songsters

in the olives and palms that embowered her home, arose to the duties of practical, useful life. Throughout the day, those duties engaged her thoughts and activities. She had no time or disposition to loiter, or to busy herself in her neighbors' matters, and but little patience with any one who indulged in any such weakness. For any and every duty she had a ready heart and hand, and could not have been more unhappy than to have been compelled to eat the bread of idleness. Dreaming and castle-building was no part of her occupation. Her nature abhorred such a vacuum. With her, life was real; and she met its realities with an earnestness and fidelity worthy of all emulation.

And there is reason to believe that her housekeeping was in good reputation in Bethany. Her superior judgment, skillful management, and fertility of resource, as well as her courtesy and affability, were well known and acknowledged by her neighbors. Hence, when the feast is made in honor of Jesus in the house of Simon, she is present, not as a guest, but to superintend the arrangement and conduct of the entertainment.

It is questionable whether all of our young ladies regard such a reputation as at all enviable, or such work as at all creditable. Many seem to think that their little hands were never made for such commonplace duties, and that their minds and hearts were never designed to be engrossed by thoughts and cares so earthy and unromantic. These things are to be left to the Marthas who have a taste for them, or to the servants, or, worse still, to the weary, wasted, worn-out mother. As for their part, they were born to be Marys,—passive, dreamy, contemplative. It is no part of their mission to be active, working, useful members of the household and of society.

It can not be denied that our modes of female education, and of social and

domestic life, have a strong tendency to develop in the minds of our daughters this predilection for the unreal, and distaste for the useful. In many of our institutions of learning, accomplishment, rather than education, seems to be the end chiefly sought. In the home circle, we often find fond mothers, who, under the mistaken idea of contributing to the happiness of their children, impose no important duties upon them, but permit and encourage them to occupy themselves wholly with music, light literature, and fashionable society and amusements. In social life, with multitudes, external glitter is the one thing needful to popularity and appreciation. Pinchbeck is at a premium; genuine gold, at a discount. The painted butterfly is the toast of all the popinjays of the community; while the young lady of true wealth of mind and heart and life, but without accomplishments, so-called, is insufferably dull and prosy. Under such influences, it would be remarkable if the views which many young ladies entertain of life were otherwise than unreal, or if they considered the reputation of a Martha at all to be desired.

Of course, every character can not be cast in the same mold; every life can not be projected on the same plane. There are original constitutional differences that mark and make up our individuality. These differences no degree of culture can efface; nor is it desirable that they should be effaced. But of what advantage are the lives of those who have gone before, of what benefit are the examples of the great and good of our race, if we may not appropriate their excellencies, and use them as material in the structure of our own life and character? We can not reproduce the original character, because we can not appropriate the peculiarities that constituted its individuality; but the virtues of humanity are common property, and these we may gather up, and, casting them in our own mold, thereby improve and perfect our own character. Thus, while every woman can not be a Martha in domestic life, every one, by

imitation and appropriation of what was excellent in her, may make her own life more praiseworthy, and contribute more largely to the happiness and welfare of humanity.

If it be asked, What in her character, as so far developed, was specially commendable? the answer is, her industry and activity, her fidelity to home duties, her interest in and care for all the concerns of the household. In these respects her life was in striking contrast with that of many around her. There were, no doubt, some women in Bethany who were out every morning, making calls, gossiping with their neighbors, and perhaps stirring up jealousies and strifes; others who were ready for any work of mercy abroad, and at the expense of the home circle; others who had time and means to patronize every itinerating troupe of vulgar showmen, or every public entertainment and popular amusement; others who considered the society of husband, brother, children, a wretched bore, and any time that might be demanded for duty to them as time lost. But the glimpses we have of Martha justify the conclusion that she had no sympathy with any such characters. Home was her sphere, her empire; and to rule it well, to meet its responsibilities, was her ambition. Far better would it be for the world, if all our women would become Marthas in this respect.

But the chief interest of her character centers in her relation to and connection with Jesus of Nazareth. It is that relationship that has immortalized her name, and invested her quiet and unpretending home with a peculiar charm to the Christian heart. She first appears in the Gospel history as his hostess. Weary with toil and travel, he seeks rest and refreshment under her friendly roof. She receives him gladly, and applies herself diligently to his comfort. In her hearty, affectionate zeal, she feels that the very best that the house can afford must be brought forth, in order worthily to receive the beloved guest.

While in the midst of her preparations,

an incident occurs strikingly illustrative of her character, but which some have interpreted, unjustly, to her detriment. She has taxed herself to the utmost. Many things are to be done, and she would have every thing done well and in its time. But she had no notice of his coming, and the whole work of providing the entertainment has to be accomplished after he has entered the house. She feels that her own hands are unequal to the task. She is anxious, perplexed, cumbered. To use a term familiar to the feelings of every housewife under similar circumstances, she is *flurried*.

To whom could she look, on whom could she depend for help in her emergency, but Mary? She was her sister, and might reasonably be supposed to sympathize with her, and to feel a deep interest in the credit of the house and the proper entertainment of their visitor. She did aid her at the beginning of her work; but, having but little relish for such employment, and far greater delight in the company and conversation of Jesus, she had now left her to serve alone. She can not recall her quietly; that would be a discourtesy to Jesus: for he was now speaking to her. But she was intimately acquainted with him,—had often entertained him before,—and she felt that she was justified by that intimacy in appealing directly to him. She therefore came to him and said, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me." No words could be more natural. Overtaxed and weary, at the same time anxious to complete her arrangements that she, too, might enjoy his company, she is annoyed that Mary should have deserted her. Her address indicates her annoyance, perhaps vexation. Had he been a stranger in the house, it would have been an impropriety to have left him alone, and Martha herself would have justified Mary. But there was no consideration of mere courtesy, nothing but her desire to be with Jesus and hear his words, perhaps coupled with some indisposition to work, that influenced her

to leave Martha "to serve alone." Her appeal to Christ, therefore, was perfectly natural, and, if not perfectly proper, may be vindicated by her evident conviction that hers was the best way of demonstrating her affection to him. Jesus replied to her, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

This reply is not to be understood in the earnest, severe tone of preaching, nor yet of decided rebuke. It is rather the language of familiar friendship, such as almost any one would employ when finding that the friend whom he was visiting was putting himself to great trouble and expense to entertain him. We love the every-day fare of our friends, and esteem it a greater evidence of affection to be permitted to sit down at their board as one of their own household, than to be honored with an elaborate and expensive entertainment. Jesus shared in this common feeling of humanity. He would not have Martha disturbed, her spirit thrown into a tumult, by her anxiety and her efforts to provide a *variety* of things out of the usual order of their living.

When he says, "One thing is needful," he evidently designs a double allusion, or to give utterance to two truths. The words stand between the temporal and the spiritual, and look back to what has already been said to Martha, and forward to his vindication of Mary. In their relation to what goes before, their meaning is, "Your anxiety and care are unnecessary; the plainest and simplest fare best suits me and my disciples. Not the many things about which you are careful and troubled, but one thing,—a single dish,—is all-sufficient." In their relation to what follows, the words have a spiritual signification. It was the constant custom of the Savior, in his teachings, to pass directly from the sensible and natural to the supernatural and divine. The flowers, the birds, the vine, the wheat, and the pursuits of common life, were all

made the vehicle of spiritual instruction. So, here, the "one thing needful" for his bodily want suggests the "one thing needful" for the human soul,—that spiritual food, that divine enlightenment and nourishment, that his words alone can impart.

In saying that Mary had chosen that good part, which should not be taken away from her, he does not mean to imply that Martha had not chosen it also. She was as truly his friend and disciple as was her sister, and experienced as sincere a pleasure in serving him. Her faith in him is sufficiently evidenced by his making her house his home. It is placed beyond all doubt by her confession on the occasion of the death of Lazarus: "As soon as she heard that Jesus was coming," she "went and met him." She addresses him in the language of faith in his almighty power: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that, even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." Jesus assured her of her brother's resurrection. "I know," said she, "that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." "I am the resurrection, and the life," said he; "he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?" "She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the son of God, which should come into the world." Nowhere in his Word is there a clearer and more pointed confession of faith. It is in harmony with her character, strong, robust, energetic; and is a sufficient refutation of all those interpretations that make her the type of the earthly-minded, and Mary of the heavenly-minded, woman. Moreover, there is no evidence that she did not have as high a place in his confidence and affection as was awarded to her sister. He knew her faith in him and her love for him, and understood perfectly all the peculiarities of her temperament. And even had there been differences in his con-

duct, they would have been justified by the difference in the constitutions of the sisters,—justified on the same principle on which the wise teacher proceeds differently with different pupils. But we detect no such differences. John places them on precisely the same platform when he says, "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." The conclusion, then, must be, that he does not here intimate that she had neglected the good part,—or the interests of her soul. And yet Martha was not without fault on this occasion. Her fault was a very common one. Its commonness will perhaps greatly palliate it in the estimation of many of my fair readers. It was threefold:

1. Her temper seems to have gotten the advantage, for the moment, over her piety. Jesus saw that, and, when he said, "Martha, Martha," he meant quietly to recall her to herself; not so much dissatisfied with her act in appealing to him, as with the spirit in which the appeal was made. He does not tell her that her spirit was wrong, but would simply have her pause, and regain her self-possession. Her own moral judgment will then dictate the right. Vigorous, energetic characters, like hers, are usually found in connection with a high-strung nervous organism; and that they should sometimes be overcome by the excitement of temper is not at all surprising, nor should it be set down to the discredit of their piety. It is when the rein is given to passion, when we surrender ourselves without resistance to its sway, or when it degenerates into peevishness and fretfulness, that we become weak and contemptible. There are some emotionless, phlegmatic men and women whom nothing will stir. Their equanimity under provocation is ascribed often to piety, and others more passionate envy their gracious attainments. Often as otherwise there is no grace in it; it is the Dead Sea of their nature, whose sluggish waters no tempest can lash into foam. There is more of the power of grace manifested in one successful effort to

overcome violent passion, than in a lifetime of such lethargic calm.

2. Another fault of Martha was, that she measured Mary by her own standard, and blamed her for not thinking and feeling and acting just as she did,—a fault no less common than that already named. No two persons are constituted precisely alike; no two persons can think precisely alike on every subject. In fact, the same subject presents itself often in aspects totally different to different minds. Yet our desire is that every body should think precisely as we do, and we grow impatient and intolerant when they presume to differ. Out of this disposition have sprung a large part of the woes of our race. In the political world, it has engendered strife, bloodshed, revolution; in the Church, schisms and persecutions; in society, personal animosities and hatreds; in the household, alienations and discontent. There are two principal sources of this evil,—ignorance and pride; ignorance of the laws of thought and feeling, and a pride that arrogates to itself infallibility of opinion. Its corrective is to be found in intelligence and humility,—an intelligence that can grasp human character in all its phases, and a humility that can discover and acknowledge excellence outside of self. Had Martha understood Mary's character, as distinguished from her own, or had she thought that Mary might be right as well as herself, she would not have entered complaint against her. Her language would have been, "She may honor the Master by sitting at his feet and listening to his words, I will honor him by my active service in ministering to his comfort."

3. Her third fault was her attempt to confederate Jesus with herself against her sister, to secure her own approbation and her sister's condemnation. Here was exhibited some want of that charity that "suffereth long and is kind." The more Christian course would evidently have been to appeal directly to Mary for the help she needed, and not to have sought to inflict a wound on her gentle

spirit, by turning against her the rebuke of him whom she loved so tenderly. But, while we detect here some uncharitableness, we can not affirm that it actually existed, or that either of the faults named was, in the thought of Jesus, an actual sin. He does not deal with them as sins. He does not characterize them as offenses, or intimate that they are barriers to his love or her salvation. They are errors, mistakes, originating in her peculiar temperament and the exigencies of the occasion, weaknesses perhaps,—not radical defects, but such as served only to present in bolder relief the real strength and worth of her character. They were the errors of love,—love for the Master,—love which sought expression by serving him worthily while in her house,—and in her circumstances were the almost inevitable result and accompaniment of her efforts in that direction. However they may have appeared to the all-searching eye of Jesus, he does not, even remotely, impeach the truth of her love and faith and holiness. He leaves her character standing out before us, in bold outline, as bright and stainless as that of Mary, or any other of the holy women who gathered along his earthly path.

Nor does he condemn her method of expressing her affection as in itself wrong. He could not convert her into a Mary without destroying her individuality. To require her to manifest her devotion in the same way would be to do violence to her nature. It was no part of his mission to do this. Nor is it any part of the mission of the Spirit and the work of grace, now, to destroy the distinctive peculiarities of men, and cast every one in precisely the same mold, and exact from every one precisely the same exhibitions of Christian character and life. In the natural world there is one principle of life,—one hidden, mysterious, indefinable power, from which result all the glories of animated, sentient existence. It is Winter. The trees are stripped of their foliage; the fields are bare and desolate; the brooks and rivulets are

locked in ice; the winds howl and the storm shrieks the requiem of dead nature. But the vernal suns begin to pour their genial warmth on the earth. The secret life-power begins to move and discover itself, but in forms endlessly varied. Here it is seen in a spire of grass, there in the modest violet, there in the pure lily, there in the blushing rose, in the tulip, the camellia, the magnolia, the waving field, the glorious forest; everywhere the same life, yet everywhere in infinite variety of manifestation. In the sentient world, we are met by the same phenomena: one life principle manifesting itself in all the forms of existence, from the zoöphyte up to man, the crown and glory of earthly life. In the human family it is so diversified that, of its twelve hundred millions of members, no two are so exactly alike in form and feature as to be indistinguishable. In spiritual life there is the same law of unity in diversity: "the same spirit," but "diversities of gift;" "the same Lord," but "differences of administrations;" "the same God which worketh all in all," but "diversities of operations." It is the province of the grace of Christ, in a qualified sense, to accommodate itself to our constitution, to adapt itself to our weaknesses, to enter into and sanctify our peculiarities, and thus fix upon us indelibly the stamp of individuality. It is sheer ignorance, therefore, that con-

cludes adversely to my faith and hope and Christian joy, because I do not manifest it as my neighbor does, or according to any rule that human opinion may prescribe. If I have the marks of Christian character, as drawn in God's eternal truth, it is enough that in its expression I am true to my nature. And to be untrue to that is to be untrue to grace; for grace, or spiritual life, develops itself in harmony with the distinctive peculiarities of my constitution.

In this view, Martha stands before us, not only vindicated, but a splendid type of the working, active, Christian woman. She is ready to do any thing for Jesus,—not only to break the alabaster box and anoint his feet and head, but to devote all the energies of her strong will to his service. Activity is her life: work is her glory. Shut her up in the closet; supply her with Bible and Hymn-book and tracts, and religious biography, and every devotional work that piety has ever produced, and still her soul would droop and languish, and she would come forth at the end of life a spiritual dwarf. She must have the light and air and sunshine of Christian activity. Mary may live and flourish in seclusion,—yea, quiet contemplation is essential to her growth,—but Martha can attain maturity only by work, only by the vigorous exercise of her essentially active nature.

R. N. SLEDD.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

I SHALL be satisfied, O Lord,
 With satisfaction full and deep,
 When, done with all of earthly ills,
 In Jesus I shall fall asleep;
 When with life's cares no more oppressed,
 When doubts no more assail this breast,
 When comes the long and endless rest.

I shall be satisfied, O Lord,
 When in thy likeness I awake,
 When of the joy and perfect peace
 Of thy blest kingdom I partake;
 When from mine eyes shall drop away
 The scales that darken eyes of clay,
 And I behold thy perfect day.

SOME OLD PICTURES.

A COLD morning, and four thousand miles from home! That was perhaps the first thought. The second was somewhat more courageous; namely, got to get up some time or other, might as well, therefore, get up now. And up we got to begin the 17th of January, 18—. It had been agreed upon that we should call for our friend at an early hour, at least in time for the train. Frau Koch was up betimes, had blacked my boots,—gently hinting that I ought to wear my nice shoes, instead of the old boots,—given me my breakfast, together with some excellent motherly advice about keeping warm and well. In good time we were all ready, and receiving the kind wishes for a happy time and safe return from the frau mother and her three daughters, Gretchen, Julchen, and Jennie, I sought my friend. They, landlady and daughters, watched me from the window as long as they could see me, and finally, bowing and waving their hands, disappeared. The morning was indeed cold; and the four thousand miles separating me from the home across the seas were not very cheerful beginnings of a Winter day. Yet the raw, cold wind was tempered, and the lonely feeling driven off, by these faithful friends, who, of no kith or kin, had said, Stay with us; be our friend, and we will be yours.

My friend had breakfasted, and was enjoying his cigar. He was, however, in considerable trepidation about his money. Did not know what to do with it. Had more money, he said, than he knew how to take care of. We pitied him with tender consolation, trying our best to ease his troubled heart. At last he concluded, in the midst of a gentle remark that was kindly intended to assuage his grief, to trust to Providence and German honesty, and so left the money in his desk. After a long walk, we reached the station, and, buying third class tickets, found our way

to the train. We always travel third class; eat third class; sleep third class; dress third class; but see, hear, think, and feel first class. Indeed, we have become so accustomed to consider things temporal in a third class way, that my friend is quite in the habit of dropping the dignified title of professor when addressing me, and using the more expressive, if not juster, term "Old Third Class." Knowing, though, from the affectionate gleam in his dark eye, that it was only one of his devices for expressing his love, I would gently kick him if he forgot himself in the presence of dignitaries, and, on all other occasions, answer his questions kindly, though he did preface them with "Old Third Class."

We found a third class car, on a cold day, a cold place. The first class cars were better furnished, but by no means better warmed; and we very soon discovered that we were not riding in a nicely cushioned, warm, easy-going express, with which, until this experience, we had been familiar. The short, quick motions of the car we were in became exceedingly wearisome after a while. The journey was not in itself pleasant, but we were riding over ground upon which stirring deeds had been done. Here, one October morning in 1813, Marshal Ney, "bravest of the brave," had made the Crown Prince of Sweden, with his Saxon troops, know the valor and irresistible force of the French army. It was a scene of blood and terror that October day in 1813; to us, January 17, 18—, it presented only a vast plain covered with snow, over which a fierce wind was chasing the lonely traveler. It was dreary to look upon, reminding one of pictures of Russian landscapes in Winter. Here and there, we could see a single sleigh; the driver, almost buried in his fur coat, urging his horse, cold and blinded by the fierce wind, to greater speed. We were, as often before, surprised at the abun-

dance of game. Hares were very common; we could see them whenever we looked out of the window; oftentimes they were close by the railroad. And flocks of large birds whirled away over the sparkling landscape.

My friend and I talked of the strange language we were learning, its difficulties and beauties, so far as we knew them; and then we talked of friends thousands of miles away. Something in the bleak, desolate day reminded him of his army life, and, by mutual story of suffering and danger, recalled the bloody days of the terrible struggle. We had in our compartment of the car two Germans, one of whom smoked and snuffed, and the other snuffed and smoked. After an hour or two of cold and jolting, the snuff-taker, yielding to the yearnings of his capacious stomach, drew out from a pocket in his fur coat an allowance of black bread, large enough, it seemed to us, to satisfy a horse. The occasion was an impressive one. Every time the eater opened his mouth, the other German, sitting just opposite, gave his undivided attention to the spectacle.

It was very cold in the car; the long tin tube filled with hot water barely kept our feet warm. At one o'clock we reached our destination, and found in the well-warmed and well-furnished restaurant a cheerful close of the ride. But we were by no means satisfied when fed and warmed. Our object was not food and fire, nor the comforts of ordinary life. We were living in an extraordinary place, surrounded by the choicest fruits of the most gifted natures. What cared we, then, that the beer was poor and the food not abundant! As soon as it was at all possible, we inquired the way to the *Gemaelde Gallerie*, and sought at once the *Madonna di San Sisto*, by Raphael. It was bought for sixty thousand thalers. The picture is large, seven feet by nine, and has a room set apart especially for it. Three hundred years ago it was painted, but it still looks fresh almost as if painted to-day. We looked at it long and carefully. The Holy Mary stands on a globe

enveloped in clouds. A mantle is thrown about her, revealing the finely shaped feet and ankles. The face is small, and regular in outline. The head, not above the average in size, indicates little power of thought. The eyes are very bright. Still, the expression of head and face is peculiar. I can with difficulty describe it,—intense, motherly, conscious, yet insipid, as if, after all, she did not, could not, comprehend the situation. The child Christ she holds in her right arm supported by the left. Near her, and kneeling, is the holy Barbara. On the right stands the holy Sixtus, looking up at the child. At the feet of Mary, and gazing upward, are two child angels. But all these faces are of themselves unimportant. They serve only to concentrate the attention upon the wonderful babe. There are other paintings of Madonnas in the collection; but in all, save Raphael's, the child Christ is represented simply as an exceeding beautiful, though only beautiful, child. In this painting, however, Raphael has thrown into the face an expression which haunts you. While looking at other pictures, we afterward recalled that nearly all the time we had been thinking of the *Madonna di San Sisto*, and slowly, unconsciously working our way back to the room which contains it. It is a wonderful painting, as wonderful in execution as in conception. Years have passed since the Winter days when we sat long hours absorbed with the thoughts and emotions it awakened, yet now is the picture no less vivid.

In the next room of the gallery, and hanging up over the doorway, is the Magdalene by Batoni. She is represented, like Correggio's, in a reclining posture, though the face is seen in profile. The picture gives the figure nearly life size, and matchlessly beautiful. The shape of the head, and the rich flow and fall of the golden hair; the swelling outlines of the bosom; the lovely form, half concealed, half revealed, by the rich mantle; the pensive face, troubled and yet consoled by thoughts which the Holy Book before her inspired; and the light, as

it falls on head and face, so softly, gently falling, as if even its weight would add a pang to the burdened heart,—all these make the picture a powerful one.

The next painting which attracted our attention is No. 530 in Saal F. It is a *Magdalene* by Franceschini, and impressed me more than perhaps any other picture in the collection. The most heart-rending agony, in a face intensely beautiful, with an unspeakable longing for escape from the remorse, was depicted with rare skill. It was a face of glorious beauty; so noble the head, so rich in its luxuriant growth the flowing hair, covering as with golden foam the gentle bosom. And the face—ah, how it haunts me!—so gentle, so loving, so tender, and yet so full of pain! The painter has represented her as soothed and cared for by two or three noble women, who bend over her, caressing the lovely head. But, alas! they can do little. It is the great sorrow, which can find no hope, only remorse, remorse, in "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." O woman, thine all is love—and the bitterest cup.

The painter must have seen such a face; he could not have created it. It was the face of his once beloved, we fear. We saw the well-known *Magdalene* by Correggio; and though it is very beautiful, it lacks the terrible sorrow without which a *Magdalene* is meaningless.

No. 512 of the same Saal is a picture the name of which we could not learn. The picture is hung in a recess made by the stairway, and is perhaps seven or eight feet by nine in dimensions. The figures are three in number. One of them, an old man with heavy head, sits in the center, holding in his arms his daughter. She is very beautiful, very lovely, but dying from a wound made by the arrow of a careless young hunter. The arrow is withdrawn; and he holds out the bow and the fatal weapon, and begs them to shoot him. The terrible suffering depicted on his face, and the earnest No, no! O, no, no! of the pre-

cious girl, who grows fainter and weaker, struck me to the heart. I looked at the picture long and repeatedly. It is one of the few paintings which will live in my memory forever.

In one large room nearly all the pictures were by Rubens. But they did not please us. They are too gross. Huge great pictures of naked women and naked men, reveling in their sensuality, look down upon you from the walls. There was a drunken Hercules, consoled by women drunk as he. The artist had painted him as a great, rugged fellow, full of power and massive beauty.

We saw also several pictures by Paul Rembrandt. They are dark and gloomy, though not wanting a kind of weird strength, fascinating, but forbidding: no joy, no music, no glowing enthusiasm, in them; but dark, rude, stern wrestling with fate and passion. They did not fit our mood then, and we wandered back to the *Magdalene* by Franceschini. No gloomy self here, maddened by disappointment and ugly with revenge; but sorrow, O, what sorrow! covering head and face, and streaming upward, with an agony no pen can describe. The gates of heaven closed forever: only the pure in heart shall see God.

But the time was passing rapidly, and we were becoming very tired; tired not only of standing and walking about, but from the mental strain even more exhausted. Yet we were looking at pictures only. Out of doors was the tragedy of human life, going on as ever, since man has been man and woman has been woman. We left the renowned gallery of paintings with sad heart, and that was the reason, may be, why, in the darkening hours of the Winter day, every face seemingly had a shadow upon it.

"Every man sings from his own heart-strings;" and if they be attuned to sad melody, he will discern often enough, Heaven knows the lip which, though it have a smile upon it, is trembling with the sorrow that is never forgotten.

SELAH HOWELL.

IMMORTALITY.

IS there a future life? Does our existence terminate with our perishing bodies, or is there in human nature an element that will survive the "wreck of matter," a spirit eternal, immortal and invisible, for whose faculties and sensibilities there is reserved a nobler sphere of exercise and enjoyment, a cosmos of imperishable beauty and order? Does the cessation of living phenomena, in what is called death, involve a total destruction of the vital agent itself, or merely its separation from a system of matter which it has hitherto animated? Is that which we call soul or spirit a mere function of matter, a simple product of bodily organism, a blank abstraction with no corresponding reality, a provisional and imaginary basis of phenomena which materialism still hopes to embrace within its shallow formulæ, a chimera coming down from the infancy of society, soon to be dissipated in the crucible of modern science; or is it a nucleus of invisible, intangible force, eluding the most subtle analysis, around which the physical elements crystallize in perfect subjection? As the breath leaves the body, does the light of the soul go out, in the blackness of darkness, forever; or does it kindle with a brighter flame when relieved of its corporeal lumber? Are the majestic thoughts, the exquisite sensibilities, the imperial volitions, of man but fermentations of matter; or are they the outgivings of an immortal principle, whose pulsations are only deadened by the bodily systems through which they are propagated? Are all the grand exhibitions of human character in history but ripple marks in the sand, which the rising tide will soon obliterate forever? or are they partial fore gleams of that glorious manhood which only the genial atmosphere of heaven can develop? Are the joyous hopes that have sustained suffering virtue in all ages only baseless chimeras, invented to beguile present

wretchedness; or is there, "within the veil," a solid basis to which the pious soul may anchor its eternal destiny, out-riding the storms of life and preserving, in its inner consciousness, the "peace that passeth understanding?"

Such queries have agitated each generation of thinkers ever since men began to speculate upon the problems of existence. History reveals a period of simplicity, at the beginning of each line of social organization, in which no such questionings were thought of, in which no misgivings were felt. The idea of a future life was received with unquestioning faith. The classic tradition of the Golden Age, in which the gods dwelt with man, revealing to him his glorious heritage of immortality, finds its counterpart in the mythology of all heathendom. The simple savage races of to-day, whose stereotyped social and individual life still preserves its original impress, cherish traditions of a former revelation of immortality. Alger, in his "History of the Doctrine of Immortality," written from the stand-point of the baldest rationalism, has, with considerable minuteness, traced this idea through the teachings of both ancient and modern heathenism. The African tribes, the New Zealanders; now nearly exterminated, the Sandwich Islanders, and other Pacific tribes, held to the general fact of immortality, though differing in the details of the conception. The Kamtschatdales believe so strongly in a subterranean elysium, reproducing the main features of their bleak country, that they frequently commit suicide to attain it. The Esquimaux, the Greenlanders, and the Indian tribes of both North and South America, held characteristic conceptions of a future life. The Druids believed that the clouds were composed of disembodied spirits, confined by an invisible sapphire wall within our atmospheres. The old Scandinavians believed that valiant souls were received

into a sensual paradise, in which was located a glorious palace called Valhalla. Every morning at cock-crowing, its inhabitants rush into the great court-yard, and engage all day in miscellaneous and desperate conflict. At eventide, every wound is healed, and the warriors sit down to a sumptuous feast, in an order determined by the individual exploits of the day. Carvings on Etruscan tombs evince a clear idea of a future life. The Egyptians corrupted it into a metempsychosis, as also did several Asiatic peoples; but the classic mythology of Greece and Rome has embalmed it in beautiful conceptions, so strongly in contrast with the repulsive superstitions of other races.

Alger is supported by later researches, showing that the varied conceptions of the doctrine of immortality among the heathen are but distortions of one great primal truth, coming down to our times through successive strata of barbaric ignorance. Trace back any line of ethnic development we may please, and we will find, as the bottom thought of social and individual life, the idea of a future existence. Such an idea, in those primitive times, could not have been the result of study and investigation. On the contrary, it purports in all cases to rest upon direct revelation. However we may regard this claim of divine origin, in some inexplicable way it forced itself upon the understanding of all primitive races.

Later in history, we find men questioning this universal popular belief, because their superficial studies of nature afforded no specific evidences corroborative of the imperfect religious teachings then extant. Every effort has been made to solve the problem by reason alone. Men first interrogated nature in the wild guesses of speculative *a priori* philosophy. They assumed fundamental principles, and then deduced from them the details of a complete system of cosmogony and anthropology. But such speculations from arbitrary premises could command but a limited assent, especially among the acute and restless Greeks. Their schools of philosophy present a great chaos of

thought, a confused jargon of antagonistic hypotheses, from which only a few points have been found available to the universal reason of mankind. These logomachies were propagated by the schoolmen through the Middle Ages, until the Baconian philosophy opened up a partial relief, giving rise to modern *a posteriori* science, with its more sober and effective processes and far more satisfactory results.

Both speculative philosophy and science have been brought to bear upon the question of a future life; but if these are the only accredited oracles of nature, she refuses to give a consistent or even intelligible response. The widest differences, nay, the most irreconcilable antagonisms, are found in the alleged teachings of both. Doubtless, to the infinite reason that conceived the programme of nature, the traces of immortality are sufficiently clear; but whether human reason can detect any authoritative indications of this truth, in the small portion of creation within its ken, has been questioned. To master this grand theme, it is necessary to have information in regard to the inception of our being, and the basic constitution of life itself. Science has discovered the "physical basis of life" in a specific combination of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, which Huxley calls protoplasm. He is anxious to have us believe that life results entirely from the molecular changes of this protoplasm. But this is only a speculation based upon ambiguous analogies, and not upon an induction of observed facts. He reluctantly confesses that natural history furnishes no evidence of *abiogenesis*, or the derivation of life from inorganic matter. The seed springs from the tree, and the tree from the seed. Life only produces life. Nicholson says that protoplasm shows no sign of organization or of differentiation into parts. The simplest vital phenomenon has in it something over and above mere chemical or physical forces. Though the action of the gastric juice in the stomach is chemical, yet "digestion presents

phenomena inexplicable upon any chemical theory."

Physical analysis thus confesses an unknown factor in vital phenomena, not amenable to its laws. The true science of life lies in the great world of facts outside of observation. The agency producing these phenomena is recognized only by its pulsations upon organic matter. This we must know, with its constitution and relations, before we can pronounce upon its immortality. If science fails to grasp such points, she acknowledges her inability to solve the great problem of life. It awaits information from beyond the ken of human reason, at least under its present limitations. How pertinent in this connection are the words of the Almighty to Job, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding." So, of the reckless theorist it may be demanded, "Where wast thou when God made thee? Declare, if thou understandest, thine own character, origin, and destiny." If we know not whence we came nor how we are constituted, we can not tell whether we are to live hereafter. God alone, who knows the secrets of our being, can inform us in relation to its capacity, compass, extent, and duration.

The truth of immortality, then, depends upon revelation. Science may draw from nature confirmatory analogies, but its scope is so limited that it can not trace these analogies far enough to test their ultimate validity. Man can not prove even his present existence; how much less his future immortality! Des Cartes tried to frame a scientific argument for his own existence. His *cogito, ergo sum*,—"I think, therefore I am,"—has been shown to be nothing more than a begging of the question, assuming the very point to be proved. It proves, not the objective fact of existence, but only the subjective persuasion of it. The persuasion itself, though a satisfactory ground of certitude, is not the conclusion of a syllogism. For in the syllogism the conclusion is wrapped up in the premises. It

is a truth dependent upon more elementary truths. But personal existence is the basis of all human consciousness. It is believed, not because it can be proved, but because of evidence impressed upon the soul from without. If science and philosophy fail to render a logical reason for this obvious fact, how shall they deal with the deeper problems of future life and destiny?

Science, then, can only lead us to the outer edge of the physical universe, and bid us peer into the fathomless abyss beyond for such beams of light as may penetrate its thick darkness. The human soul, cast upon its own resources, is the most helpless thing imaginable. It can only ask, with Tennyson,

"But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."

It can no more pierce the veil of its own ignorance, and grasp the pregnant thought of immortality, than the Babel-builders could scale heaven with their earth-based structure. Primitive man could neither *discover* this idea as a truth, nor *invent* it as an imposture. It could have been received only by information conveyed in human language. It was only through revelation, interpreting, that man could "look through nature up to nature's God." Since philosophy and science have arisen, they have been used both to fortify and to destroy this universal belief. In the one case, they found the popular faith stronger than their demonstrations; in the other case, impregnable to their assaults. It is an indestructible element in human consciousness, which no force of sophistry can permanently becloud or darken. It is the hidden complement of this present imperfect existence, giving to the whole career of man a rounded completeness which satisfies his understanding as he seeks to probe the philosophy of being itself. It holds in reserve an "eternal weight of glory," which satisfies the heart overcharged with care and suffering, and relieves the distresses of the burdened soul.

It justifies the ways of God to man by opening up a new chapter in Providence, in which the dark enigmas of present life will find an abundant solution. Finally,

it supplies the only adequate motive to the practice of virtue, the only efficient discipline of social order.

EDWARD C. MERRICK.

READERS AND READING.

A CELEBRATED writer has said, "Were I to pray for a taste to stand me in every circumstance, it would be a taste for reading." A literary taste, apart from its higher uses, is a blessing. It is enjoyable. The garnered wisdom of the ages is its daily food. The lover of books always has companions. His books are a world to him. He lives with their characters, is quickened by their sentiments, is moved by their principles. When the outer world is a burden to him,—when its ambitions fret, or its cares worry,—he finds refuge in this calmer world of the past. Edwin M. Stanton,—the noblest of all the men who stood in the great struggle through which we came; the foremost man; the cleanest man through and through; the man who, when he had thunder of will, had divinity within him,—at that difficult time when he was compelled to shoulder so much of the nation's troubles, oftentimes oppressed night and day beyond the measure of human endurance,—this great man would retreat into his library, and hold commerce with the poets and noble men in literary life. He always came forth as one who comes from a bath. His soul was washed and refreshed; and we wonder not that he held in his hands those springs which touched every part of our vast land. It is impossible to overrate the comparative dignity as well as enjoyment of a life thus well spent, which has preserved an intellectual feeling amid professional or business ventures, and at last brightens into an evening of intellectual wisdom and calm. And we believe it to be the duty of every

right-minded man to secure time for this personal culture.

It becomes a matter of great importance, therefore, how best to cultivate this intellectual taste or love for literature. How shall we best order our studies? How *read* to the best advantage?

Reading should be *definite*. Desultory study will not do. It is true there have been intellects that have found in desultory reading a mental stimulus which has not only proved a high culture for themselves, but has carried them to heights of intellectual fame. Sir Walter Scott is a notable example. When a youth, he read every thing that came to hand, in the most indiscriminate manner. But nothing can be made of such rare cases for general guidance. An intellect of such capacity as Scott's was, in a measure, independent of common discipline. "Reading is to the mind," said the Duke of Vivonne to Louis XIV, "what your partridges are to my chops." It is, in fact, the nourishment of the mind; but this nourishment is easily converted into poison. One man may read as much as another, perhaps more; but, by skipping irregularly from one subject to another, may render himself simply a pedant, puffed up with a useless erudition. A good many read as Coleridge talked; that is, in a monologue: they begin anywhere, and read around about every thing. Now, this "playing bucket to a pump can't be pleasant." Multifarious reading weakens the mind more than doing nothing. Thought runs in, and runs through, a clear stream, over "unproductive gravel," on which not even mosses

grow. In the words of Robertson, "It is the idlest of all idleness, and leaves more of impotency than any other."

But the question is often asked, What ought one to read? No rule; the same regimen will not suit all. The general precept of Pliny is all that can be given,— "to read *much*, rather than many things." The idea, here, is that of carefulness and thoughtfulness in all that is read. The Rev. F. W. Robertson hit it when he said, "I always read hard, or not at all; never skimming, never turning aside to merely inviting books; and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Thucydides, Sterne, Jonathan Edwards, have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution." Miss Martineau often read only a page in an hour. Comte read but few books, but thoroughly digested what he did read. Thoroughness is the idea. A borrowed book is of but little use. You must have the right to turn down the leaf, and underscore the passages, and write an observation on the margin.

No man ought to make out for himself a rigid course of readings. Dr. Johnson sustains us in this advice, and so does Sir Walter Scott. Bulwer says, "Reading without a purpose is mere sauntering." Utilitarian system is as bad in literature as in other things. Read Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" on this point. We once knew a young man in college who came there with a course of reading marked out by some eminent New York divine. Well do we remember the first night we met as Freshmen. When he brought out the long roll, of over seven pages of foolscap, containing the course in full, how we wanted one too! for we had never seen any thing of the kind before. Visions of greatness flashed before us, when we thought to ourselves what a great man all that course crammed into our cranium would make us. Well, the young man read and read and read; and when he graduated, four years after, he was just through with the first heading,—mythology. Poor fellow! we wonder when will he catch up with modern times. When

we think of him, it is always in connection with the ages long gone by. Now, if there is one law more than another in mental development, it is that the young must take their start in thought and in taste from the models of their own time,—the men whose fame has not yet become a tradition, but is ringing in clear and loud notes in the social atmosphere around them. It is unwise to wish to know every thing. People who know every thing, do nothing. One can not read all that comes out; and why be ashamed to confess ignorance of the majority of volumes printed? In social gatherings, often, young ladies love to show their marvelous acquaintance with the literature of the day, by questioning you as to the new works just out, until you blush at your ignorance." Have you seen Mr. So-and-So's new work? O, it is perfectly splendid! You ought to get it by all means." And, nine cases out of ten, when you come to look at it, it is simply the production of the last softening of some brain. It is all vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by buying every new book, and creating a great library. Large libraries are, for the most part, the idlers of the day. Thomas Carlyle's library, we are told, is characterized by its fewness of books. They have all seen service. None of them parade in holiday dress. They are worn and battered.

How many ministers there are who deplore their small libraries! We once had a chum who grumbled every day about his lack of books. And yet on his shelves were fifty volumes, and among them Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, Addison, Barrow, Walter Scott, Herodotus, Wesley, and Irving,—*these alone* enough to shake earth and heaven with, if rightly used. Let a man study his tastes and needs, and then purchase his books accordingly, using to the utmost what he has, and not waste his time longing for more. Above every thing, do n't swallow cyclopedias on every subject. Do n't spend the time on John Ruskin, if you have no artistic appreciation. Confess it,

if you can't get interested in Shakespeare. Talmage says, "There is an amazing amount of lying about Shakespeare."

"No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect,"

is the compendious advice of our great dramatic poet.

One thought more: books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. They are for nothing but to inspire. One had better never see a book than to be warped by its attractions clean out of his own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. Individuality is the basis of all true culture. He only is a well-made man who has a good determination. Every student must have a style and determination, and be a master in his own specialty. His specialty is his power. The aid we have from others is mechanical, compared with the discoveries of nature in us. Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds. We are too passive in the reception of the thoughts of others. Meek young men grow up in libraries; they are like so many sacks or stomachs; they never think for themselves. Books pin them down. They make them look backward instead of forward. When a thought is wanted, they run with their bucket to somebody else's well. Now, books are not for the scholar to think with; they are for his idle hours. When he can read God directly, the time is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts. But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must,—when the sun is hid, and the stars withdraw their shining,—we are to repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the east again, where the dawn is.

Never ought a reader to admire a writer to the extent of degenerating into idolatry of him. And yet some will quote and re-quote from a favorite author, until that author becomes master of soul and mind. This is oppression. The reader is the victim. It is like walking on a marble floor, where nothing will grow. Now, this veneration for certain writers is often the strongest evidence of that writer's deficiency as a model. It is the delight of vulgar talent to dazzle, to blind, and to captivate the beholder. But true genius in a writer seeks to defend us from itself. It will not allow us to be enslaved. It will not impoverish, but will liberate, and add new senses, and improve on our own individuality. Such writers correct the delirium of the animal spirit in us, open up probable avenues of inquiry, and invite us to engage our powers. What is it to be able simply to quote from an author? There is no nourishment to the mind in that: it is only the spelling and the letters that keep the thought in the mind. But, as Dr. M'Clintock used to urge, let the thought be once born into the mind, and then even words and author and all are forgotten in the new life which springs from them.

In conclusion, therefore, in answer to the question, how a man should read to the best advantage, we think, in accordance with the exalted advice of Bacon,—“that every defect of the mind may have a special receipt,”—there must be three different methods: 1. *Style*,—that is, for its cultivation and improvement. 2. *Pursuits*,—that is, for practical knowledge in one's profession, business, or trade. 3. *Deficiencies*,—that is, for strengthening and enlarging the grasp and breadth of one's thoughts.

J. L. SOOY.

MID WATCH AT SEA.

I PACE the deck in the dead of night,
 When the moon and starlight fail,
 And the cordage creaks in the lazy swells,
 And heavily flaps the sail;
 On the darkness glimmers the binnacle lamp,
 With a feeble and lonely spell;
 No sound but the passing sentry's tramp,
 Or his measured cry: "All's well."

To and fro with accustomed step
 I walked in the night alone,
 And I thought of the thousand watches kept,
 In the years forever flown;
 Of the friends in whose manly fellowship
 I labored long ago,
 Till death relieved their watch on earth,
 And they went to rest below.

I thought of the gallant ones who died
 When our broadside shook the sea,
 And sorrow for them subdued the pride
 Of our cheers of victory;

Or of those who fell in the fevered lands,
 Or sank in the whelming wave,
 Whose corpses waste on the barren sands,
 Or float in a fathomless grave.

And the looks revive that were faint and dim
 In the shadow of the years,
 And I scan them o'er till my eyelids swim
 With the strange delight of tears;
 They people the dark with their pallid brows,
 As they silently throng around,
 And the sea its phosphor radiance throws
 On the faces of the drowned.

So many a noble heart is cold
 That shared my duty then;
 I have looked full oft in the face of death,
 But he comes to better men;
 And let him come in his chosen time,
 Some friend will think of me;
 And I shall live in the lonely hours
 Of his midnight watch at sea.

SABBATH EVENING.

'TIS holy time. The evening shade
 Steals with a soft control
 O'er nature, as a thought of heaven
 Steals o'er the human soul;
 And every ray from yonder blue,
 And every drop of falling dew,
 Seems to bring down to human woes
 From heaven a message of repose.
 O'er yon tall rock the solemn trees,
 A shadowy group, incline,
 Like gentle nuns in sorrow bowed
 Around their holy shrine;
 And o'er them now the night winds blow,
 So calm and still the music low
 Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
 Soft echoed on the evening air.
 The mists, like incense from the earth,
 Rise to a God beloved,
 And o'er the waters move, as erst
 The Holy Spirit moved;

The torrent's voice, the wave's low hymn,
 Seem the far notes of seraphim;
 And all earth's thousand voices raise
 Their song of worship, love, and praise.

The gentle sisterhood of flowers
 Bend low their lovely eyes,
 Or gaze through trembling tears of dew
 Up to the holy skies;
 And the pure stars come out above,
 Like sweet and blessed things of love,
 Bright signals in the ethereal dome
 To guide the parted spirit home.

There is a spirit of blessedness
 In air and earth and heaven,
 And nature wears the blessed look
 Of a young saint forgiven;
 O, who, at such an hour of love,
 Can gaze on all around, above,
 And not kneel down upon the sod
 With nature's self to worship God!

ANTIGONE.

TRAGEDY is the characteristic element of Greek poetry. Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides have scarcely a play that does not lead the lives of its chief actors to a sad termination. The "Iliad" is full of tragedy. Hero after hero joins the army of the departed, and the sympathy of the reader alternates between the contending champions.

In many plays the higher elements of tragedy enter. The hero or heroine, after years of toil and suffering, finds all that was undertaken a failure; and the strife of conflicting emotions adds increased bitterness to the eternal separation from the dear light of day.

That these authors intended to write nothing but plays of such dark shading (the popular taste demanding these only), we seriously doubt. We think the reason lies, the rather, in the fact that most of the Greek plays have a nucleus of real life, about which the action centers; and life is full of tragedy. History is little else than a chronicle of the struggles, sufferings, and tears of human hearts. The nation that enjoys continued peace and prosperity has little history, and the individual whose life flows in a gently rippling current leaves little mark upon his age. Opposing rocks cause deep erosions. Water, dashed into foam and spray by falling over mountain declivities, will attract the eyes of generations. Yet this basis of truth does not prevent the development of the characters from being largely fictitious. It has been truly said, "The Greeks were a poetical people, and exercised their talent upon their history and mythology, until it at last reached so great a pitch of corruption as to be more than half the invention of their poets." But instead of the shriveled, shrouded mummies of a past age, the poet gives a living form, with flashing eyes and rounded arm and tinted cheek.

Of these characters, there is none which, in itself and in the fatality of its

surroundings, is more purely tragic than that of the Greek maid Antigone; and none of all those feminine creations is so truly womanly, so unselfishly devoted, so sublimely heroic. The more one studies the character, endeavoring to realize the moral atmosphere of that early age, the more its beauty and greatness impress themselves upon the imagination and understanding. Several of the poets refer to her with but little contradiction as to essentials; but Sophocles develops the character as none other, forming one of the most powerful tragedies ever written. The story, taken with all its connections, is a long one, but to the student of ancient history and poetry it is intensely interesting and suggestive.

The evil Fates, that brought so much suffering and disaster to the lives of certain individuals, who were in no way responsible, early chose the innocent Œdipus for their victim. Laius, King of Thebes, was informed at a certain period of his life, by an oracle, that he would be slain by his son. Believing in the purposes of the gods, and yet determining to thwart their decrees, when an infant son came to bless his household, he seized it at its birth, bored two holes through its feet, inserted a cord, and gave it in secret to a trustworthy servant, to be taken to the mountains of Greece and left to perish. A shepherd found the babe, thus cruelly abandoned, before life was extinct, and took it to the house of Polybus of Corinth; who, having no sons, received the babe with joy, and reared him, keeping from him, with great adroitness, all knowledge that he was other than his own son.

When Œdipus had grown to manhood, at a festival with his companions there arose a slight dispute; and, being heated with wine, one of his friends, forgetting the strict injunctions of the king, twitted him with being a supposititious child of the king. The taunt lingered long after

the effects of the wine had passed away; and, going to the king, he earnestly besought to know if there was any foundation for that statement. The king and queen rejected the words, as a malicious libel, and did every thing to restore his ease of mind. Perhaps this very effort served to keep alive the suspicion; for, some time after, he secretly departed for Delphi, to consult the oracle of Phœbus Apollo, concerning his birth. To his great annoyance, the god would favor him with no direct answer to his questions; but, instead, made revealments of such terrible deeds, that should be committed by him, as to fill his soul with horror; namely, that he should kill his father, marry his mother, and raise up children that should not be welcome to mankind.

Tormented by the fear that he should perform the deeds thus predicted, he determined to fly from his native country, as he supposed, and never again enter its precincts. Accordingly, he journeyed alone to Thebes. At a place where three roads crossed, he was met by a chariot, drawn by young horses, and containing an old man. The charioteer raised his stick, and menacingly demanded that he should turn aside. Regarding this as insolence, *Œdipus* struck the driver in self-defense, refusing to comply. The old man, seeing this insult to his servant, watched his opportunity, and resented it with a heavy blow upon the head of the offender. This was too much for the young blood of the prince, and, striking the old man from his chariot, he slew him and his attendants, one only escaping.

Arriving at Thebes, *Œdipus* found the people mourning with great lamentations, not only on account of the death of their king, but because a celebrated Sphinx had been sent by Juno to afflict them. The Sphinx propounded a riddle, which they must solve before it would retire. Again and again the terrified inhabitants met the monster, thinking they had the answer; and, with every failure, one of their number was seized as penalty, and devoured. At last Creon, brother of the king, who was reigning in his stead, is-

sued a proclamation, that, upon the man who should rid them of the Sphinx, he would bestow the crown and the hand of the queen-dowager. All this was told to *Œdipus*; and he went to hear the riddle. "What animal is that which, having but one voice, goes on four feet in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in the evening?" said the Sphinx. "It is," said *Œdipus*, "a man; for, in the morning of his days, he walks on his hands and feet, a helpless infant; in the noon of manhood, he walks erect; and, in the evening of his old age, he would fain lean on a staff." He had guessed the riddle. The Sphinx in despair threw herself from the top of the Acropolis and perished. Greeted with triumphant shouts by the delighted people, he was married to the queen, and acknowledged king. Beloved by the nation almost to idolatry, the years passed by in prosperity, and four children were born to him,—two sons, Eteocles and Polynices; two daughters, Ismene and Antigone.

After a time, another plague rested upon the city. Thousands were dying; and the people turned from the graves of their children, with suppliant branches, to the one who before had saved them. The king needed not this touching demonstration to rouse his sympathy. Already he was suffering with their sufferings, and had dispatched a messenger to Apollo to inquire the cause of this affliction. Creon, the messenger, returned, and gave answer that it was because the murderer of the former king was left to go unpunished. We must pass by in haste the development of the sad truth, which forms the plot of one of Sophocles' most powerful tragedies. Suffice it to say, that *Œdipus*, in great anxiety to save the suffering city, issued the most stringent proclamations for the discovery of the criminal. At last, to his utmost horror and anguish, he finds that the old man he slew by the cross-roads was his father; that his wife is his mother; and that indelible disgrace rests upon his family. Jocasta in her distress hangs herself; and *Œdipus*, frantically seeking

her, in his despair bruises out his eyes, that he may no longer behold the results of his unnatural deeds. He begs for death, pleads that the penalty he himself pronounced upon the guilty one be bestowed upon himself; but he was so beloved by the people that no one would execute his wishes.

For several years he remained as king over the people, until his sorrow had lost something of its poignancy, when new troubles arose. Polynices, the eldest son, became impatient for the throne. He was joined in his conspiracy by Creon and Eteocles; and, against the most earnest entreaties, the old king in his helpless blindness was condemned to be forever thereafter a lonely exile. But there was one being that clung to him in his misery. Antigone turned from the ease and delights of the royal palace, and went forth with her afflicted father, a sharer in his desolation. It is a scene for a painter: the city of Thebes, lying in the fertile Cadmean plains; issuing from one of its massive gates is an old man, bent beneath the weight of his own great sorrows,—crimes in the eyes of men, but wanting in all the elements of guilt,—driven forth by the inexorable cruelty of the children he had begotten. What keeps the stricken heart from breaking? The angel of love that clasps his hand, the delicately reared, royal-hearted Antigone, that dares to say, "He goes not forth alone."

Thus much we have considered a necessary introduction to the character of Antigone, seeing that its lustrous beauty can best be appreciated when surrounded by the dark setting of others' misfortunes.

After some years of pitiful exile, with garments tattered, and bodies soiled by the dust of the wayside, the old man and his gentle comforter and guide find themselves near a city. Wearied with long journeyings, the aged man sinks upon a stone resting-place, and bids his daughter learn whither they have come. Tenderly the maiden does all she can for her father's comfort, and is about to go to the

city sleeping so peacefully amid its green environments, when she sees a man coming toward them, who, without waiting to answer their greetings, bids them hasten from the place where they are sitting, for it had been consecrated to the dread deities of Earth and Darkness, the Eumenides. Some old men approach (which throughout the Greek play form the Chorus), uttering imprecations on the vagrants that dare tread on hallowed ground; but when they see only a blind old man, leaning on the slender form of his daughter, they are touched with pity. They request his name and country, which, for a time, he refuses to give; but, being compelled by their threats, he reveals both, amid their groans of horror. They refuse, without any compunctions, to let him enter the city. And then the sweet-tongued virgin pleads for their compassion:

*"Ant. O strangers, be compassionate at heart!
If ye must spurn this blind old man,
When ye have heard confession of his deeds,
Involuntarily performed, yet O,
I pray you, strangers, pity me alone,
Who wretched, in behalf of this my sire,
Implore you, looking in your eyes
With eyes not sightless,—implore you
As a daughter, by those things on earth
Most dear to you, respect the grief
Of the unfortunate, led on by powers
Too great, too swift, from which to flee."*

Ædipus requests to see the king, and sadly moralizes on the vanity of reputation, since Athens, the city renowned for its piety, boasting itself to be the friend of humanity and an asylum for strangers, should thus be terrified by a name.

While some burghers go for the king, Antigone announces, with surprise, the approach of her sister Ismene. The latter greets her father with mingled joy and sadness, saying she had sought him long to bear a message concerning the contention of his two sons; that Polynices, having been thrust from the city by Eteocles, had received aid from abroad, and was now threatening the city of Thebes; and that the oracle had declared that the party which should shelter and give sepulture to the aged Ædipus should always be victorious.

Hence both parties were seeking him. *Œdipus*, in contrasting his sons' conduct, gives this appreciative tribute to *Antigone*:

"But one of you, my daughters, from the time
You left the tender nurture of a child,
Before your frame had gained a woman's strength,
Didst choose a cheerless fortune,—wandering
With me perpetually, an old man's guide
Full many a time hast thou strayed famishing,
With feet unsandaled, through the forest wilds,
And toiled on suffering through many a storm
And many a scorching sun's heat,
Holding as of little worth the comforts
Of a peaceful home, so that you might
Maintain your father."

The incidents that follow crowd themselves, with artificial haste, into a brief space of time, doubtless for the accommodation of the audience; but this want of art can be easily overlooked in the increased brightness which they unite in throwing upon the central figures of the drama,—the devoted *Antigone* and her noble afflicted father.

King *Theseus* makes his appearance, and speaks most kindly to the unfortunate stranger, whose name he had just learned, assuring him protection and a home, and then retires, leaving the men of the Chorus in charge of the old man's comfort. *Creon* then appears upon the scene. Seeing the object of his search, he comes forward, and, with honeyed, sympathetic words, beseeches *Œdipus* to come home, especially on account of his daughter *Antigone*, whose years were being wasted in such a wandering life. The exiled king rejects this proffered friendship with scorn, knowing it to be of a purely selfish character. *Creon* becomes angry, and taunts him with his former crimes in a most repulsive manner, then orders his men to seize the maidens, hoping thus to oblige the father to follow. *Ismene* utters no word of remonstrance; but *Antigone* makes the most vigorous efforts to resist those who would lay hands on her, and piteously appeals to those around her for succor, that her father may not be left in his helpless condition. All is of no avail, and she is borne away. The Greek peasants send for their king, who, when made aware of the state of affairs, sends men in all di-

rections to recover the maidens, and permit no one to pass from the land unchallenged. He retains *Creon* as prisoner until this shall be accomplished. The maidens are soon brought back; and when the sweet voice of *Antigone* falls on the ear of the desolate old man, his joy knows no bounds. *Ismene*, neutral in one case as the other, is silent.

Theseus informs *Œdipus* that a stranger, throwing himself on the protection of the gods, has come as a suppliant to confer with him; but the injured father, mistrusting the stranger to be his son, refuses him audience. *Antigone* pleads that he should at least be heard. *Polynices*, shedding many tears, humbles himself before his father, asking forgiveness for his unkindness, and begs assistance in gaining the usurped throne; promising, when he shall come into its possession, to share it with his father. *Œdipus* spurns his son as he did his brother, telling him that his repentance is only for gain; and prophesies that he will fall by the hand of *Eteocles*, and his mighty army shall never see the inside of the city. *Polynices*, not doubting the words of his father, deploras his fate, and begs his sisters not to forsake him, or permit him to be left without honorable burial. *Antigone* implores him, with loving words, to go back with his armies into *Argos*, and not meet the fate just described. But she pleads in vain. Better to die like a brave man than live a coward in the world's esteem!

The suppliant departs, and *Jove* thunders in the heavens. The old man, knowing his end is near, calls for the king. *Theseus* arriving, *Œdipus*, guided by some spiritual influence, ascends a mountain, and, coming to a certain place, embraces his daughters, bidding them remain behind and not seek to find his grave; then, followed only by the king, he ascends still farther; dies,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams;"

is buried by the king, who alone, with those that hold his office after him, is to

know the secret of his resting-place. This death reminds one of the mysterious death of Moses, and seems a fitting termination to a life grand in its woes and blamelessness. Ismene bewails her unhappy lot in being left in an unprotected condition; Antigone mourns for the loss of her beloved father, on whom for years she had bestowed the undivided affection of her heart. Theseus assures them of protection, but they return to their kindred in Thebes.

To make the story consistent with the pages of *Æschylus* (to which we turn for a few moments), a year or two must have elapsed between the death of *Ædipus* and the siege of the city of Thebes by the seven chiefs; in which time the sisters had been kindly received and taken care of by Creon, who, with Eteocles, held sway over their native country,—a short interim of quiet luxury and love to the beautiful Antigone, who became betrothed to the king's most tenderly loved son, Hæmon. But the scorching fires of affliction bring out the true gold of the human heart, and a still severer furnace was being heated for the maiden.

When Polynices was defrauded of his throne, he proceeded to Argos, where he married the daughter of King Adrastus of that country, and, after a time, succeeded in arousing to avenge his wrongs six chieftains, who, besides himself,

"Slew on the black-orbed shield the victim bull,
And, dipping in the gore their furious hands,
In solemn oath attest the god of war,
Bellona, and the carnage-loving power
Of terror, swear from their base to rend
The walls of Thebes, and lay their ramparts in
the dust."

—Potter's "*Æschylus*."

Each chief with a powerful army marched toward the city of seven gates, and cast lots for his position before the gates. Eteocles, finding this mighty array against him, consulted the gods, and roused the warriors to defend their city and their king. Going his rounds, he chanced upon a chorus of virgins, who bewailed the threatening contest in fervent, beautiful language. Their imploring tones aggravated the guilty brother;

and, getting angry at their lamentations, he spurned them in words that reveal a trait of nature not yet quite extinct, but which was certainly ill-becoming a man who could boast of a sister Antigone.

"Wisdom abhors you,
Nor in misfortune, nor in dear success,
Be woman my associate. If her power
Bears sway, her insolence exceeds all bounds;
But if she fears, woe to that home and city!
And now, by holding counsel with weak fear,
You magnify the foe, and turn our men
To flight, and we be ruined by ourselves.
This ever will arise from suffering women
To intermix with men."

—Potter's "*Æschylus*."

Soldiers came, telling him the names of the chieftains that were taking their positions at the several gates, together with the devices wrought on their shields. He is told the shield of his brother contains a double impress,—

"A warrior blazing all in golden arms
A female form of modest aspect leads,
Expressing justice, as the inscription reads:
'Yet once more to his country, and once more
To his paternal throne, I will restore him.'"

—Potter's "*Æschylus*."

Eteocles placed himself to defend the gate against his brother, though repeatedly urged to the contrary. They engaged in single combat; both were slain, and the city saved without further bloodshed.

On the incidents that follow, Sophocles founded his most celebrated play, "*Antigone*," where the voluntary sacrifice of the sister, upon the shrine of devotion to her dear brother, forms one of the noblest but gloomiest of tragedies, and is portrayed with such an effect that it is said through it alone the author gained political preferment and was raised to be one of the colleagues of Pericles.

Because Polynices had come with arms against his native country, Creon issued a proclamation, that, on penalty of death by stoning, his body should receive no burial. The sisters went out to behold their slain brothers, and bewail their untimely fate. While there, officers of the king arrived, and taking the body of Eteocles, bore it away to make preparations for a state funeral. Antigone looked upon the form of her eldest

brother, unprotected from the blistering rays of the sun, remembering his parting words and her father's prophecy. All misdeeds were forgotten. Why wreak vengeance and indignity on the cold clay? She thought of the spirit doomed to wander a hundred years around the earth, because the body had no sepulture, and her resolution was taken.

Turning to her sister, she repeats the unrighteous decree of the king, and tells her it is their duty to bury their brother, no matter what shall be the consequence. Astonished, Ismene exclaims,

"Can you design to bury him,—a deed Forbidden by the State?"

"*Ant.* Yes: for he is Through all events my brother. And he is Likewise yours, though scarce you wish it now. Him I will not betray, nor him desert.

"*Is.* O daring woman! Creon has forbidden!"

"*Ant.* He has no right to put a bar Between my own and me.

"*Is.* Ah me! consider, sister, how In odium and infamy our father lies, Having detected his own guilt, and then, With self-destroying hand, himself Tore out both eyes. His mother and his wife, A double title bearing, mars her life With the suspended cords. Then these two brothers Wretched, slaying each the other, wrought they Their mutual death upon the self-same day. We two are left alone. Consider how Far worse than all we perish, if the law We violate, transgressing the decree And power of superiors. Farther, It does behoove us to reflect that we By nature are but women, and can not contend Against the men. Since we are ruled By those most powerful, why not submit To them, nor yield to things more painful? I then, indeed, ask those below the earth That they forgive me, since I must obey Those who in office are above. . . . For to attempt those things beyond my power Implies no wisdom."

Loyal, politic Ismene! A narrow, moderately selfish, common soul! We can not call her blameworthy, for she did nothing mean, nor wicked. We can not upbraid her for not being equal to the greatness of her opportunities, for she had not the capacity for heroism. Duty was to her the submissive following of a path prescribed by others, not the spiritual discernment of the illuminated cross, that dares to form a path unto itself. She could not understand the grandeur of disobedience to an unright-

eous law for conscience' sake, and could not be a martyr. This Antigone perceives full well, and her large soul, that had hoped a moment for companionship, is above fruitless reproaches. Calmly generous is her reply:

"*Ant.* Neither request nor wish I now thine aid, Since so unwillingly would it be given. Be thou such character as seemeth good To you; but I will bury him. To me It were a glorious action, though I die. Loving, I may lie down with those I love, Since daring I can dare do what is best. A longer term have I to please those gone Below, than those remaining here; For there I dwell forever."

A set of watchers was placed over the dead body to see that no one violated the command of the king. What was their surprise and horror to find, on the next morning, that the hated body had received a partial burial! It had been washed and robed for the tomb, the burial rites had been performed, and the body had been sprinkled with dust. Yet no marks of a wagon, no trace of animal or man, had been left. This mysterious procedure was fearful to them, for they knew their lives must pay the forfeiture. After suffering the tortures of suspense for a while, they cast lots, and sent one of their number to the king, hoping that an honest statement of the facts might lead to greater mercy on his part. Very timidly the messenger came; but when Creon heard what had been done his rage knew no bounds. He told the messenger to hasten from his presence, and unless the true culprit should be found, the lives of all the watchers should pay the penalty. He also commanded that the body should again be exposed.

Not long after this interview, the man returned, bringing the royal maiden Antigone. With manifest relief, he declared her to be the one who had dared to violate the decree of the king; for she had been taken in the act of re-burying the body. Even the messenger, joyful as he was, could not prevent true pathos creeping in his words, as he told how Antigone stood over the body, mourning the futility of her efforts, and then of her perseverance in covering it again with

dust, brought in an urn. Turning to the maiden, Creon exclaimed:

"You! you bending your head downward!

Confess you or deny you having done this thing?

Ant. I both confess I did it, and do not deny the deed.

Creon (to the messenger). Take yourself off, The heavy charge is yours no longer.

(To Ant.) Tell me in brief, knew you my proclamation?

Ant. I knew it. It was plain. Why should I not?

Creon. And dared you to transgress my laws?

Ant. It was not Jove who thundered such commands,

Nor justice dwelling with the gods
Below the earth who made such laws for men.
I did not think your edict *more* in power,
That I, a single mortal, should transgress
The unwritten laws of the unchanging gods;
For not to-day, nor yesterday, but all
Eternity they live, and no man knows
Of their beginning."

The pure, exalted appreciation of the true nature of Deity, though applied in the plural number, can scarcely be equaled in the writings of those ancient heathens. It breathes the true spirit of devotion, and lifts her spirit, for the time being, above the fear of death. The chorus of old men—time-servers as they are—can not but admire the true metal of this speech.

"Stern as the stern father, is the spirit
Of the daughter, ever unbending to misfortune."

Creon is annoyed more than he can express, and determines to crush the spirit of the haughty child. In the conversation that follows, he endeavors to make apparent, not only to the maiden, but to all others standing near, that it is against all rules of justice to the brother that fell defending the city, to confer the same favors on the rebel that killed him. But Antigone looks deeper. Of what matter are earthly differences when both lie in the tomb? It is not for men to discover the rank of the immortals. There lies a human brother, and the common ties of blood demand the few last rites that shall permit his soul to pass on to the ever-shaded Hades. Allusion being made to his executing the bride-elect of his son, Creon scorns the thought that his son would deem her now a worthy match for him; but Antigone at that

moment, feeling confidence in the love of her betrothed, sighed earnestly:

"O dearest Hæmon, how thy father
Disallows thee!"

She is sent away for a short respite, and Hæmon comes before his father. We can not forbear giving a part of the conversation that follows, since it shows so much nobility and true affection on the part of the young man, and shows him also to be acquainted with the art of pleading to a consummate degree (reflecting, of course, the ability of Sophocles). He comes before his father with the accustomed blandness and reverence. Creon meets him with the words:

"O son, since thou hast heard the signed decree
Against thy bride, come you before your sire
Railing, or are we dear to you, whate'er
Our action?"

Hæ. Father, I am thine;
Direct thou me aright, and all the good
Within your counsels I will ever follow.
No marriage shall be justly deemed as great
As thine own will, when thou dost guide me well.
Creon. Well said, my son! 'Tis fitting thou
shouldst feel
That every thing should take its place behind
The judgment of a father.
Let not, O son, this woman drive away
Thy senses with enticing charms; for know,
A bad wife, partner of your bed, will yield
Chilling embraces. Worse than a grievous ulcer
In your breast is a false friend. Then spurn
This virgin as an enemy, and suffer her
To marry in the shades. For it is proved
That she alone of all this city acts
With disobedience. And she must die,
For to my country I shall not prove false."

He continues expatiating most eloquently concerning the duty of obedience to those in authority, even though their decrees should be unjust; the evils of anarchy, the necessity of preserving discipline; closing his long speech with this overwhelming argument:

"Let all things else occur,
We must not yield unto a woman. Better far
Be vanquished by a man than to be called
Inferior to woman."

Hæ. Father, in man the gods implanted wisdom,
Highest gift of all that they possessed.
In me it scarcely may be proper to express,
Even had I power to make plain,
That what you have just said, in all things
Is not right. Long have I been accustomed,
For your good, to notice every thing that may
Be said, whether of praise or blame. Your eye
Will terrify the common citizen

From saying words ill-pleasing to your ear.
 But I, remaining in the shade, can hear
 That all the city mourns for this same
 Virgin. How most undeservingly of all
 She perishes, the wretchedest of deaths,
 After most glorious deeds! Because, forsooth,
 A brother having fallen in the fight
 She could not leave unburied, to be torn
 By ravening dogs or carrion birds. Worthy
 Is she of gaining golden honors, so they say;
 And silently this hidden feeling makes its way.
 No possession is more honorable to me,
 O father, than your own prosperity.
 It is an ornament of glory to a child
 To have a father flourishing. . . .
 Why bear within your mind one only
 Disposition, thinking that your words alone
 Are right? Whoever thinks that he alone has wisdom
 Or a tongue or soul, when days of trial come,
 Is always found a boaster, using empty words.
 Though he be wise, a man is not disgraced
 To learn of others many things he may not know.
 'Tis better than to strive against the wish
 Of many. In channels worn by Winter streams
 The trees that yield preserve their boughs,
 But those resisting perish with their very roots.
 And so, whoever manages
 A ship, and draws the sail-ropes, yielding none,
 Is soon upset, and navigates, henceforth,
 With benches upside down. Then yield
 From anger, and permit a change. If I,
 A younger man, dare judge, 'tis best to have
 Great knowledge, but 'tis also honorable
 And wise to learn from those advising well."

Subservient and fawning as is the chorus of old men, this masterly pleading affects them, and they, too, say,

"O King, 'tis wise to learn."

But the king is too haughty to brook counsel, even if it is the expression of the entire city, provided that it be contrary to his inclination; and perceiving, through this filial, earnest petition, the deep regard that Hæmon holds for the woman whom he had challenged as a public enemy, he loses his temper, and taunts him with the most cutting accusation which could then be thrown at a man; namely, that he was fighting in alliance with a woman. The son's calm, truthful reply was still more exasperating, since it turned the edge of the weapon back upon himself:

"If you are a woman, my care is for you."

Creon loses all control of his temper, and hurls every epithet possible at his son. Poor Hæmon, finding that his respectful language only brings upon him

the abuse of his father, answers back in cool contempt, fearing not to express the deepest love for the wronged maiden. The king commands in rage:

"Bring hither the hateful thing that she may die
 Immediately, in the presence of her bridegroom,
 Near him and in his sight.

"*Hæ.* Never, near me at least,
 Shall she perish. Think not so vain a thing,
 And you no longer shall behold my face.
 Wherefore, be mad in company with those
 Who can abide it."

He rushes from the presence of his father, and the unhappy but unswerving maiden alone receives the fury of the angry king. His only resource is to increase the horror of her death. He commands that she shall be conducted over an untrodden way, and buried alive in the cavern of a rock, with a small portion of food, that shall serve as an excuse for evading the custom of the Greeks never to permit any one to die of starvation. A more humiliating death could not have been proposed, since it was done for the purpose of avoiding the pollution of touching her; thus impressing most cruelly upon herself and her friends that she was disgraced beyond all hope of cleansing.

A spectacle more piteous can hardly be imagined than the march of this generous maiden to her death. No person had ever received at her hand any thing but the most tender, pitying kindness. The law of love had ever ruled her tongue, which could only speak a severe word when it was roused to defend the injured against persecution. She felt in saving her brother from the miserable condition in which, according to their faith, he was left without sepulture, her conduct would be sanctioned by the whole world; and although this thought did not determine her course, it must have assisted her in meeting the penalty threatened. But death in its approach always brings terror and suffering unrealized when it is distant. In those trying moments, we want human hearts to come close to ours, and, by their love and sympathy, help us to meet the change. The more so must this have been true at that

far-off period, when the faith of men beheld so little light in the future. The sun to them was life, the very smile of the great gods. Death was night and shade and darkness, even though it was not annihilation, or separation from the friends held dear on earth. How intensified must have been the suffering when kindred hands deal the fatal blows! Yet stoning to death was ease in comparison to lingering starvation in a lonely cavern. It is only in view of these facts that we can appreciate how crushingly the fact must have come to her heart, that at this hour, with a vast multitude around her, with a heart breaking under the bitterness of its lot, not one soul comes to offer a word of consolation, not one cry of wailing or sorrow is heard over her doom, as, young, innocent, and exceedingly beautiful, she is hurried to a living tomb. But, above all others, Hæmon was absent and silent. We know her nature was affectionate, clinging to the objects it embraced with a deathless attachment. Perils, hardships, hunger, and other privations, the yielding up of a princely home and all the objects that are fascinating to opening womanhood, she had given willingly, cheerfully, that an old father, broken down by the most cruel misfortunes, should not feel an utter desolation. Kind to her sister, and devoted unto death to her dead brother, how correspondingly intense must have been her love for the being of her choice, the noble Hæmon! Yet he had not spoken one word to her since her condemnation. She knew nothing of his masterly plea for her life, neither had heard his manly words of defense and devotion. Nor was she aware that, at the time she was being led to torture, finding it was utterly useless to try to save her in the presence of the king and his followers, he at first meditated letting slip his hold on life, that he might meet his betrothed in the realm of shades; but, thinking there was still hope, he was planning a way for her escape. All this she could not know. His absence seemed to her like shame, disapprobation, and a moral desertion. We

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wonder not that, for a moment, the fortitude arising from the consciousness of having tried to save her brother from a dreaded doom forsakes her, and that she moans in dirge-like sentences over the woes that have encompassed her. Yet, with true womanly instincts, the agony of her heart does not break forth in reproaches toward Hæmon. The chorus of old men that are her conductors, on hearing her grief, burst forth, upbraid her with breaking of the laws; mocking her sorrows, and dishonoring their own gray hairs before one who had always paid the greatest reverence to age. The words that follow, in the anguish they express, scarcely have a parallel:

"Ant. O, woe is me! To be derided thus! Why, by my father's gods, do ye insult me now Not dead, but still within your sight? O my country!

And, O my countrymen of rich estate! O fountains of Dirce, and groves of Thebes! I call ye all to witness this, that unlamented By my friends I go to the sepulchral dungeon And untimely tomb. O, woe is me! who am A dweller neither among men nor in the shades, The living nor the dead!

Unwept, unwedded, and without a friend, I wretched pass along my destined way. No longer may I look upon the luminary's sacred eye, And no friend mourns my doom."

Creon was near, to see that no perfidy robbed him of his victim, as also to overawe all lamentation on the part of the spectators. On hearing these and other touching utterances, he bids the old men hasten her footsteps, lest her words bring tears from the multitude. This additional insult led to the climax of her woes. Before, the consciousness that her deeds had been right, that the gods approved her course, had been always present. Now, doubt entered, and robbed her of this only consolation. Surely, the gods had forsaken her, and were displeased, or she would not be left thus wretched. Moreover, the last great object for which she was giving her life had proved a failure. The circling vultures watched their spoil, and the hatred of her avengers had torn off the robes of burial. Ay, the gods had gone to the side of her enemies! It was the suffering 'for righteousness' sake, which Christ so frequently placed

before his disciples, and for which hours he left such tender, beautiful promises. But this tried maiden had no such revelation; and the darkness of despair, harder to strive against than the darkness of the rock-bound sepulcher into which she was placed, settled down upon her soul. The true tragedy is attained. Antigone unbound the girdle from her waist, in the dim light threw it over a rocky projection, and her unbidden soul at once passed into the realm of departed spirits.

Meanwhile, her deliverance was in preparation, though it came too late, except to proclaim to her countrymen her purity and fidelity.

Tiresias, an aged priest, comes to Creon, stating that certain fearful signs from heaven reveal that the gods are displeased. The maiden must be released, and the body of Polynices, torn by the dogs, must be buried. As the king daringly reviles him, the priest says that sorrow, death, and mourning must come upon him to teach him wisdom. At this the chorus become alarmed, since they declare they never knew a prediction of Tiresias to fail. The king's resolution then begins to falter, and, by the advice of the old men, he promises to bury the body and release Antigone.

Hæmon also had not forgotten his betrothed. After the crowd had entirely dispersed, with a band of faithful followers he arrives at the cavern, with sympathy and rescue for the loved one. The stone is moved aside, and a terrible revelation meets his eye. In the anguish of an insoluble grief, he takes the still

warm body in his arms, and mourns over it as one who can not be comforted.

Creon, true to his word, had gathered the remains of Polynices together and entombed them with care; then proceeding to the cavern of Antigone, he hears, as he nears the opening, the sound of his son's voice in accents of woe. Sinking down with a nameless fear, he sends his servant into the cave. When the facts are told him, he rushes into the cavern. Hæmon, seeing the cause of all his woe, and seizing a two-edged sword, makes a thrust at his father. Missing his aim, he turns the blade upon himself; and, bleeding from a fatal wound, he puts his arm around his injured betrothed, and dies.

The sad news flies rapidly, and coming to the ears of Eurydice the wife and mother, she hears with breaking heart of the death of her only son. Without an exclamation, she enters her house, and bowing by the altar of the gods she bewails her loss; and uttering imprecations on the head of her husband, as murderer of her children, she plunges a knife into her vitals and dies. In the last scene, Creon leans over the body of his son, which, side by side with Antigone, had been carried to his palace. As he bewails his errors, the curtains are pulled aside, and he finds himself in the presence of his dead wife. He sinks down, pleading that his attendants shall take his life; but they only lead him away.

In another article we will compare the character of Antigone with that of Cordelia, whose name has for generations been considered a synonym for filial devotion.

PAMELA HELEN GOODWIN.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

CHAPTER VII.

ON leaving the hospital, I recommenced my work, but in a very indolent way. I had neither as much strength nor as much ardor as heretofore. The long repose I had experienced seemed to have mingled in the very water of my blood. I was, moreover, so well cured of my ambition by the example of the old copyist, that I simply waited in tranquil mood for my daily bread, without caring to know whether it were to be black or white.

It ended by Maurice feeling irritated in spirit at my apathy.

"It is n't worth while to exaggerate matters. Once if the broth proved to be thin, we ate it, like good children, just as it was; but while it is yet to be made, we may as well try to have it rich. After all, we are no longer out at nurse; it is not Providence who prepares and cooks our future for us; each one ought to put his own hand to the work. True wisdom, in a bright young fellow, with his four stout limbs, is, not to live like a paralytic, but to serve himself and others, the best way that he can."

I contested nothing with him; and although my hands continued to perform fine jobs in masonry and rough plastering, my heart was no longer in the work. I could not, even to myself, have told the cause of this. There was nothing repugnant to me in the trade, neither did any other seem more pleasant. It was simply that my courage and emulation were asleep, and some special incentive was required to awaken them.

I accompanied Maurice on a certain day to the residence of one of the most distinguished architects of Paris, for some instruction demanded by the master-mason, under whose dictation I had written for the necessary directions. The master-builder was not in his office, and we were therefore led through several

apartments, in order to rejoin him in the garden. There were every-where to be seen carpets of brilliant hues, furniture with gilded feet, hangings of silk, and curtains of velvet. I opened wide my eyes in astonishment, and walked on the tips of my toes, for fear of dimming the bright flowers under my feet. Maurice slyly looked at me out of the corner of his eyes. "Ah, well! how findest thou thyself, in this case?" he questioned, with a malicious air. "There is enough here to be taken care of and nursed, is there not?" I replied that the house had the appurtenances belonging to a prince.

"Yes: prince of the trowel and square," replied my companion. "Knowest thou that what thou seest here is the honorable portion belonging to honest labor? This architect has in possession three other hotels in Paris, without mentioning a chateau in the province."

I could not reply on the instant. All this opulence excited something of evil in the atmosphere about me. In looking upon so much silk and velvet on every side, my gaze turned on myself at last; I did not know why, but I felt an inward mortification, akin to shame, at being so plainly clad. And this shame had in it a wicked discontent at the same time. I felt disposed to hate the owner of all these riches, for having caused me thus to deplore my poverty. Maurice, who never had any uncomfortable misgivings about himself in any thing, continued to dilate upon the beauties of the house, while I listened with a burning impatience. One could almost have heard the loud palpitations of my heart, and the blood mounted crimson red over my face. My eyes could not cease gazing on the splendor around; and the more I saw, the more envenomed my soul became. My ambition, which had slept for so long a time, was now thoroughly

awakened by envy. We were at last brought to a halt in a distant *salon*, while the domestic went again to seek his master. On a sudden, Maurice pointed out to me a cunning little portrait in a black wooden frame, suspended in the midst of grand pictures richly set and gilt. It represented a workman in his vest, holding a pipe in one hand, and in the other a compass; and in this painting, worth perhaps six francs, there could be seen, also, scantlings for floors, with scattered models of stays, and false supports.

"This is a likeness of the citizen," said the mason to me. "Look well at him."

"He was a workman, then, is it so?" I asked.

"Just like you and me," replied Maurice. "And thou seest this fact does not displease him."

I looked again at the little black wooden frame, then at the luxurious appointments of the dwelling, and my mind tried to measure the transition from one to the other.

"Ah! these sights rumple thy logic," exclaimed the mason, smiling, "and thou art trying to find the ladder which has been firm enough to lead the citizen down here, from his high scaffolding. But not every man is able to serve himself so well, seest thou? In desiring to learn the secret, more than one has failed to have the rounds to his ladder. It needs also the strong wrist and clever skill."

I made the remark, that, above all else, it required good luck; that every one in the world was either happy or miserable; and with this condition, our own exertions counted for just nothing, whether it was success or otherwise.

"For example, Father Maurice," I added, "why have not you a hotel, as well as the one who lives here? Are you less meritorious, or less brave at hard labor? If he has succeeded better than you, is it not foolish to assert that the history of every man is not all a game of hazard?"

Maurice looked at me, with flashing eyes.

"Thou sayst this as if it were for my benefit, when it is of thyself alone that thou art thinking, crack-brain," replied Maurice, maliciously.

"All the same," I answered, a little vexed, however, to be thus struck by my own weapons. "I have not passed for a bungling operative, and I am no more 'green' than any other workman. If to make a millionaire only requires industry and some skill, I ought now to be driving in my carriage."

"Which would be a mode of traveling that would suit thee very well," added my companion, ironically.

"And why not? The world had rather spare its own knees than those of its horses. But have no fear of any such luck coming to me. It is with us in the lower classes as it is in noble families,—every thing for the eldest, nothing for the younger; and we are like the cadets, we of the people."

"It is too true," murmured the master companion, who seemed for the moment lost in pensive thought. "And there is nothing to be said against this order of things. Since it is ordained thus, it is of course just. We must not disarrange the course of the world."

"Only, do you see, it makes my blood boil, when I witness the difference between one and another. From whence comes it that this one, here, dwells in a palace, while others are stowed away in close, dingy pigeon-holes? Why is it not rather you and I who own these carpets, this silk, and this velvet?"

"Because I have earned them all," interrupted some one who entered at the instant, in a brusque tone.

I gave a nervous start. The master-builder stood behind us, clad in embroidered pantaloons, and a morning-robe of dimity brocade. He was a slender, gray-haired man, yet with sufficient height for strength, and having a voice adapted to command.

"Ah! so it seems that thou art a reasoner, *thou*," repeated he, looking at me sharply, with eyes half askance; "thou art jealous of me; thou demandest by

what right this house belongs to me, rather than to thee. Eh, well! thou wilt soon know it. Come."

He made a movement toward an inner door. I hesitated to follow him, and he turned quickly, as if to inquire the cause.

"Art thou afraid?" he demanded, in a tone that made my face redden to the very eyes.

"Let the citizen lead the way," I replied, angered by his manner.

He conducted us to a cabinet, where a long table stretched itself nearly from end to end, covered with cups, pencils, rules, and compass. On the wall hung suspended some water-color diagrams, representing all the different sections of a building. Here and there, on *étagères*, could be seen small models of stairways and other carpenter's work, together with the mariner's needle, graphometers, and other instruments of whose use I was quite ignorant. An immense pasteboard *escritoire*, with suitable compartments, occupied the lower part of the table; and on an office bureau were heaped up memoranda, contracts, and crude plans. The architect made me pause in front of the large table, and showed me a pattern of a building, delineated by the faint colored lines used for charts and maps.

"The contractors desire to narrow the mansion by three meters, but without diminishing the number of rooms; and it is therefore requisite to find a new position for the staircase. Take this card, and make me a rough sketch of the thing."

I looked at the citizen in great surprise, and observed to him that I knew nothing about designing models.

"Then examine for me this memoranda of measurements," he replied, taking down a file of papers from his bureau. "There are in this package three hundred and twelve subjects to be consulted and decided upon."

I answered, that, in my department of work, I had never been trained to discuss prices or verify measurements.

"Thou canst at least tell me," continued the master-builder, "what are the

necessary formalities to be gone through with and fulfilled for the three houses that I am engaged to build? Thou knowest the rule in regard to highways, and also the obligations and the rights of neighbors?"

I interrupted the speaker rudely, by saying that I was no advocate.

"And as thou art not more of a banker," replied the citizen, "thou art no doubt ignorant on what terms he is expected to gather together his payments; what is the least time required for a profitable sale; what interest he ought to derive from his capital, so as best to prevent bankruptcy. As thou art not a contractor, wouldst thou not be much embarrassed to name to me from whence come the best materials for our peculiar merchandise; to suggest to me the most favorable time for purchase and sale; the most economical mode of transportation? As thou art not a mechanic, it is useless for me to ask thee, if the crane which thou seest in the model will give the greatest economy of force. As thou art not a mathematician, thou wilt essay in vain to form a judgment on this new system of bridge-building which I am about to try on the Lower Seine. Finally, as thou knowest nothing which a hundred thousand other companion artisans know well, thou art not equal to them, except in simply wielding the trowel and hammer."

I felt completely disconcerted by this speech, and kept turning my hat about, without replying a word.

"Dost thou now understand why I live in a hotel, whilst thou dwellest under a Mansard?" continued the architect in a loud voice. "It is because I have given myself to labor and painstaking; it is that I have learned by vexatious trouble all that you also ought to know. Is it not by means of studious application and hearty good-will alone that I have become a general, whilst thou remainest still among the conscripts? By what right, therefore, dost thou demand for thyself the same advantages that are possessed by thy superiors? Ought not

society to recompense each one according to the services that he renders to it? If thou wishest to receive the same treatment as myself, do what I have done. Lessen the quantity of thy daily bread, in order to purchase good books; spend the days in work, and the nights in study; keep on the watch for a benefit; and when thou hast proved that nothing can discourage thee, when thou hast learned to know men and things, then, if thou hast still to remain in thy garret, come to me with thy complaints, and I will listen."

The master-builder had become very animated in speaking, and finished by exhibiting a little undue heat. Meanwhile, I could reply nothing; his logic had taken away from me the power of speech.

Maurice, who perceived my embarrassment, tried several times to justify me, and hastened to bring forward the object of our visit. The citizen examined the note I had prepared, asking some light upon it, and then we took our leave. But as I was passing out the door, he called me back.

"Remember what I have said to thee, *my gentleman of caste*," he continued, with good-natured familiarity; "and in place of indulging envy, try to acquire a little honest ambition. Do not waste thy time in grumbling against those who appear to occupy a higher place, but labor, rather, to take hold of the cord which will help thee to join them. If I can ever assist thee, thou hast only to say so, and I will be the first to take up one end of the burden."

I thanked him very briefly, and hastened to go out. When we were fairly in the street, Maurice roared with laughter.

"Ah, well! what a nice humiliation for such a learned man as thou!" cried he. "He was proud at having put you out to sea."

And as he saw that I made a movement of impatience at his speech, he added, amicably:

"Go then! art thou wrathful for such a farce? The citizen only pleaded his own

cause, and it was a just one. But he said truly and well, that although one may not ride in his own carriage, his colors are known. Even a millionaire, you see, can not contract by himself, neither with the compass nor drawing-pen."

"And with what then?" demanded I.

"With his gold-pieces."

I agreed this time in the opinion of the master companion; but in spite of my vexation, the lesson of the architect had struck home. When the indifference that had characterized the last few months was disposed to return upon me, I began to think of the good reasoning which had so much of truth on its side. It had given an incentive to my mind, and it filled me with that inspiration for labor that I experienced in former times.

Convinced of the necessity of apprehending all that was possible in my occupation, I acquired a taste for study. The only difficulty consisted in procuring the necessary means. Although it might cost some mortification to return to the architect, with whom I could not but have left a very unfavorable impression, I decided to recall to his mind his proposition of coming to my aid, when most needed. He received me in a very pleasant way, informed himself fully as to what I desired to do, and then directed me to a measurer whom he employed. This person admitted me gratuitously to an evening class, attended by a number of young men to whom he was teaching the rules of geometry and linear design.

I was at first only remarked for my stupidity and awkwardness. It was necessary to explain twice to me what the others comprehended at the first glance. My hand, accustomed to manipulate hard stone, pierced through the paper, or erased the marks of the crayons. I was not only behind the last scholar, but very far in the rear. Yet, little by little, and by the force of perseverance, the distance lessened, until in good time, albeit slowly, I acquired the knowledge and use of the level.

FROM THE FRENCH.

RELIC WORSHIP.

RELIC worship has always held a prominent place in the religious life of peoples. The old Greeks preserved the remains of alleged giants and the bones of their fallen heroes in colossal shrines inside of their temples. The skeleton of Orion, which measured thirty-three yards, was exhibited in Crete. Thebes boasted of the bones of Geryon, though the city of Temenospylæ disputed this honor with it. But it was Thebes to which the oracle awarded the possession of Hector's relics. The skeleton of Orontes, the Indian, was exposed by the river, near Antioch, in an earthen coffin eleven yards long. The coffin of Makroseiris, which bore the inscription that he had lived five thousand years, was discovered at Eubœa. According to Pausanias, the Tegeates not only exhibited the tusks and the skin of the Calydonian boar, but Herodotus tells us that they also possessed the bones of Orestes, taken from a coffin seven yards long, and that these relics insured to them the victory over all foes. Nestor brought the remains of Machaon from Troy to Pylos; and those of Theseus were carried home from the island of Skyros to Athens, which worshiped the skeleton of the gigantic Ajax, as Martinea did that of Arkas. The shoulder-bone of Pelops enabled the Danaans to conquer Ilion, which indicates that this palladium must have been more potent than the knee of Ajax. But their ship was cast away on the return journey, and a pestilence which broke out in Elis did not abate until the last talisman had been fished up, and brought back in solemn state. The Israelites preserved the skeletons of the giants Og and Sihon, which had been discovered in iron beds at Bashan; they required, however, as we learn from the Rabbinic legend, the ark of the covenant with the remains of Joseph, for the conquest of Jerusalem. Adam, too, was commonly described as of colossal frame;

his memorial mosque in the valley of Mina, at Mecca, was said to be only the size of his navel: while Eve's tomb at Dschedde was taken to prove that the mountain where she met her husband, after he had been driven from Paradise, hardly reached as high as her hip. Noah's tomb at Sachle, in the Lebanon, which measured over a hundred feet, represented only his stature from the head to the knees.

Many of these legends, like that of the giant St. Christoforo's tooth, preserved in Venice, have, no doubt, been adopted by the early Christians. The mortal remains of St. Christoforo, or Onuphrius, which Henry the Lion brought back from the Crusades, and which are shown in a number of churches, remind the classical scholar of Osiris, whose grave is shown at fifty different places in Egypt.

There is unquestionably something antediluvian about this patriarchal worship. But this Moloch service had other relics; for the remains of the victims offered up to Baal (though children chiefly) used to be preserved in the shrines of the temples. Woe to him who opened them. They were the abode of enchantment, and connected with miracles whose truth no contemporary would question. They became not only charms for individuals, but phylacteries for entire cities; their place was inside of the altar, in the holiest of the holy, and no mortal eye dared to gaze upon them. Like the ark of the covenant, the mere touch was death.

The Christians of the first centuries were strangers to relic worship, even the graves of their saints being in many instances unknown. This is sufficiently evident from the doubts that have been entertained, even in modern times, whether the Virgin Mary lies buried at the foot of Mount Olivet at Jerusalem, or at Ephesus. Toward the close of the fourth century, and therefore long after the destruction of Jerusalem, when the

Patriarch John deposited the remains of Stephen in Zion's Church, the legend says that they had been found at Gaphar Gamala; but as there is no such place in Palestine, the protomartyr's relics must be spurious. In the mean time, the number of martyrs had, however, increased, and though many had been adopted from mythology (like the Perseus of the ancients, who became our St. George, the dragon-slayer), there still remained bones enough of Christian heroes that were thought deserving of worship. If the Spartans could carry home from Thermopylæ the remains of Leonidas forty years after his death, why should not the Christians have equally honored the remains of those who had perished in the battle against paganism? Error, it is true, had also its martyrs, especially in the Donatists, who, though the Church refused to recognize them, gladly died for Christ. Indeed, the bishops were at last forced to forbid their flocks from provoking the pagans, or to denounce themselves, for the sake of earning the crown of martyrdom.

It was in pagan Rome, from the days of Nero down to those of Diocletian, that Christian blood was most profusely shed. Since time immemorial, the priestly Etruscans had buried the dead of the city, and in Rome were also the Catacombs, adjacent to which the Jews set out their own dead. The Christians either did the same, or they appropriated the burial-grounds of the pagans, and formed societies which attended to the disposal of their departed. The puzzolan soil of Rome greatly facilitated the extension of the crypts. Chapels to celebrate the funeral services were built outside of them, love-feasts were held in them, and when Diocletian, the last persecutor, was dead, Pope Marcellus divided the cemeteries into twenty-five parishes.

The Catacombs were abandoned as early as the fourth century, and cemeteries were laid out above ground. The demolition of the chapels and the wanton effacement of the inscriptions were attributed to the Goths. In the sixth cent-

ury, divine service was still held every Sunday under-ground, but in the seventh and eighth centuries the sacred bodies were transferred to the parochial churches. The sepulchers fell into ruin of themselves, though it has been attributed to the irruption of the Longobards. In the ninth century the Catacombs had almost entirely ceased to be frequented. The reason why Pope Paschalis I emptied the graves in 817, and removed twenty-three hundred bodies at once to St. Praxede, was, that the trade in relics had become so highly profitable that the demand began to exceed the supply. Gregory IV, who died in 844, however, distinctly declared to Archbishop Otgar of Mainz, who applied to him for a sacred body, that the martyrs had all been removed from the subterranean vaults, and distributed among the churches of Rome and elsewhere. His successor, Nicholas I, prohibited the Archbishop Taro of Milan to exhibit relics for worship, unless he was sure of the identity of the saint. That this injunction was soon disregarded became sufficiently evident in the eleventh century, when the Abbot of St. Michael, at Verdun, complained of the way in which his countrymen "were imposed upon in these things at Rome."

In the course of time, even all traces of the Catacombs were lost. It was not until May, 1578, that some puzzolan-diggers in the Salaria Nova, two milestones distant from Rome, came across an ancient cemetery, with crypts and cubicles. This accidental discovery induced Bosio, a young student, to devote himself to the exploration of "*Roma Sotterranea*," which he relinquished only after thirty-six years, with a book under this title. Thus were opened the old crypts and galleries; and thence dates a new species of treasure-digging by private speculators, who knew how to turn the remains they discovered to account, and made the business pay. These men cared nothing for the historical fact that the cemeteries of the martyrs had long been emptied of their contents, and that the rest were of no more value to Christianity than the

catacombs of Naples or Paris. To justify this imposition, the most preposterous statements were unblushingly put forth. Not only were the trade-marks of stone-masons construed into representing the form of a cross, but the familiar inscription *D. M.* (*Diis Manibus*) was read to mean "*Divi Martyres*;" and *B. M.* was interpreted "*Beatus Martyr*" instead of "*Bene Merens*." It was on the strength of the letters *B. M.* alone that the Spaniard Boufontes, in his work, "*De los Sanctas del Reyno de Erdena*," 1653, claimed to have discovered no less than three hundred martyrs in Sardinia; twenty of whom he was solicited to give to the city of Piacenza, to which place they were actually taken in solemn state. These relics occasionally began to work miracles already on the way. To such burrowers, the palm scratched on the stone appeared to be indisputable proof of martyrdom. That the palm, a synonym with the phoenix, had been, with the heathen, a symbol of the grave, and that the number of the leaves frequently indicated the years of the dead, was equally unknown. So blind was this devout, though by no means disinterested, zeal, that the domestic utensils which the ancients put into the graves of their dead were mistaken for implements of martyrdom; nor was this belief shaken when "*depositus in pace*," which implies a peaceful death, stood inscribed by the side of the palm.

To reduce the whole thing to a method, the *Congregatio rituum* declared (April 10, 1668) that palms and blood-vials were reliable tests by which the bodies of genuine martyrs could be distinguished from spurious ones; further tests were left to be designated at some subsequent period. Mabillon, the Benedictine, a marvel of ecclesiastical erudition in his day, was the first to dispute the palm with the Romans; and when Muratori also rejected its authority, Pope Benedict XIV thought it politic to decree that "the graves of the martyrs in the Catacombs could only be identified by the blood-vials deposited in them." But as the older writers of

the Church make no mention of blood-vials, Mabillon declined to accept them also as an authoritative test, and especially because their presence in the graves of children appeared to be utterly unaccountable. Cruel as the laws of pagan Rome doubtlessly were, they never inflicted martyrdom on infants. Finding that this blood of alleged martyrs was beginning to be viewed with suspicion, a spurious vial, inscribed "*Sang. Saturnini*," under Gregory XV († 1623), was got up, which only made the matter worse.

Superadded to this, we have the falsification of names, already mooted by Mabillon, "*De Cultu Ignotorum Sanctorum*." Since these new saints generally reposed in obscure graves, it became necessary to baptize them before they were introduced to the world; and the remains were consequently named at random Peter, Paul, John, etc., which caused the greatest confusion. In this way came to be invented not only new saints, but the legends to suit them.

According to the protocol of 1628, the Jesuits dug up only such bodies as legitimized themselves by any one of the three regularly recognized tests,—implements of torture, the palm, or blood-vials. These they shipped off to their foreign missions, until the suspicion, which was first hinted at by Leibnitz, that the contents of the vials were of a vegetable, and not of an animal, nature, had become a certainty. Chemistry has proved that there is not a trace of blood about them; and as the vials are most frequent in the graves which were opened after Constantine's age, the inference is easily drawn.

If the honor of having initiated this critical warfare, and continued it for fourteen years, to the day of his death, belongs to Mabillon, the Benedictine, the credit of having brought it to a triumphant termination belongs to two Belgian Jesuits, Victor de Buck and P. Willaert, his provincial. They showed that, if the vial test was accepted, the bodies of the martyrs would largely outnumber the

Christians who lived in Rome during the first three centuries. The genuineness of countless relics is consequently doubtful. Well may Rome reject modern science, for the chemists De Lattre, of Dieppe, and Girardin, of Rouen, have demonstrated that the component parts of the alleged blood are in many cases neither animal nor vegetable, but mineral. Rarely, indeed, has science so pitilessly forced Rome to concede an ancient fraud. But it was only for a while. In the face of indisputable proof, Pope Pius IX, in a decree of December 10,

1863, declared that, "to avoid scandal among the believers," the blood-colored vials are still to be considered evidence of martyrdom, and that the decree of 1668 shall remain in full force. The scandal consists in honoring truth and confessing an ancient imposition! The Church constitutes itself the champion of traditional fraud! Even men like Blant and De Rossi vainly raised their voices in protest, though the latter is looked up to by the whole civilized world as authority in all that relates to the Catacombs. WALTER P. MORRAS.

"CHRIST AND HUMANITY."*

THIS is the title of a book lately published by Harper & Brothers, and dedicated to Horace Bushnell by the author.

The contents of this book may be divided into two departments. The first contains seven discourses on "Christ and Humanity," with the following titles: "The Divine Humanity of Christ;" "The Son of Man;" "Christ the Root of Humanity;" "The Human Development of Jesus;" "The Image of God;" "The Human Trinity;" and "Man's Place in the Creation." These discourses have been delivered, substantially, during the author's ministry, of some twenty years.

The second general division of the book is styled, "Historical and Critical Review of the Doctrine of Christ's Person." This is divided into two parts,— "Historical Survey," and "The Result of the Survey." The "Survey" contains an elaborate "Introduction," in which general principles are stated; and then follow the various systems of Christology by the "Early Christian Fathers;" the "Christology of the Council of Chalce-

don;" of the "Middle Ages;" of the "Reformation;" and of the "Reformed Churches."

Under "Result of the Historical Survey" are discussed the various causes of the failure of the Church to formulate a correct doctrine of the person of Christ; "The Essential Unity of the Divine and Human in Christ;" "The Divine or Heavenly Humanity of Christ;" and "The Doctrine of the Kenôsis," or self-limitation of the Son in the incarnation.

For the "Historical Survey," the author acknowledges himself indebted to the excellent work of Dr. Dörner on the history of the development of the doctrine of the person of Christ, from which he quotes largely, though differing with Dörner as to Christ's person.

This book contains four hundred and four pages, in large, clear type, and its general mechanism is respectable, and creditable to the publishers. So much for the form of the book; let us take a glance at the character of its thought.

In the judgment of the author of this book, the Christian world has long groped in darkness after a true conception of the character and person of Christ. Eminent fathers, personally and in council combined, have endeavored to solve the

* *Christ and Humanity.* A Review, Historical and Critical, of the Doctrine of Christ's Person. By Henry M. Goodwin.

mystery, but in vain. Some have more nearly approximated the truth than others; but, up to the present age, a true system of Christology has eluded the grasp of all. The design of the book, therefore, is to supply the great want of humanity; and fearlessly does our author enter upon, and, in his own confidence, accomplish, the discovery.

In an early part of the work he marks the path he intends to pursue. For, after glancing at what is usually regarded the orthodox doctrine of the person and work of Christ, he says: "As a reaction from this unsatisfactory, and, at best, clumsy, theory of the person of Christ, there is the simpler, and, to some, more satisfying, theory recently revived by a distinguished preacher of our own country,—of one nature in Christ, or the divine soul manifested in a human body."

We suspect, by the "distinguished preacher," he alludes to H. W. Beecher, who has recently written a "Life of Christ," which, neither by his own nor any other branch of the orthodox Church, is regarded as being severely sound in the faith. But, in defining his view of the person of Christ, we shall allow the author to express his own conception. He says:

"This conception, as near as it can be presented in a logical statement, is, the *identity* of the divine and human in the person of Christ, so that it is proper to speak of his nature as the *divine human*, and his humanity as a divine humanity. Christ is not God and man united, each nature retaining its own separate individuality and functions; nor yet a fusion of the two, forming an intermediate or compound nature; but their *identity*, in a person who is both divine and human in all his attributes. The idea of the Scripture is not, that Logos *assumed*, or put on, humanity (except indeed the outward form or body of a man); nor that he united it to himself as a foreign nature; but that he *became* man, without losing his real divinity. The divine in Christ *is* the human, and the human in him *is* divine." (Page 9.)

Such is our author's "logical statement" of his mental "conception" of the person of our Lord. Let us analyze it briefly. And—

First. It affirms the identity, sameness, of the divine and human in Christ's person. This identity is not that of the *person*, but of the two natures constituting the *one* person, of Christ. And these two natures, he teaches, consist, or rather subsist, in the same divine essence. Therefore he teaches, that Christ had but one spiritual nature, the divine; but that in this one spiritual nature were all the qualities or properties essential to both divine and human subsistence. A few extracts will show this to be his view of the subject.

"The theoretical objections to the duality of Christ's spiritual nature,—or the doctrine that he had two distinct souls, a divine and a human,—are too obvious to need any thing more than a mere statement of them." (Page 4.) "Christ is called the image of the invisible God; 'the express image of his person.' But there is a reverse side to this great truth, which is greater and more blessed still. Not only is it true that there is in man, as the image of God, something which is truly and properly divine; it is also true that there is in God something which is truly and properly human. There is a humanity in the Deity which is the origin from which our humanity is derived, and in the image of which it is made." (Page 13.)

And still further: "And one truth respecting him (God) is that which is the basis of Christianity and the incarnation; namely, the essential humanity of Deity. . . . Another evidence of this truth is found in the theophanies, or human apparitions of God, made in the Old Testament. What were they? and what do they signify? Being made before the incarnation, they indicate an essential humanity in the very being and nature of God." (Page 15.)

Second. His "logical statement" affirms, that "Christ is not God and man united, each nature retaining its own

separate individuality." There can be no reasonable objection to this statement, with the qualifying clauses contained; for, in the person of Christ, the Logos is not a separate individuality, nor is the manhood a separate individual. Properly, personality can not be affirmed of either separately, but of both in their henceforth eternal union. But our author means, that there is not, in the person of Christ, the divine Logos and a human soul and body united; for the greater part of the book is constructed in opposition to this doctrine.

Third. "Nor yet a fusion of the two [man and God], forming an intermediate compound nature." This view of the subject we regard as correct; for, in the union of the two natures in the incarnation, there was no mixing or commingling of the substances, as certain chemical substances are combined and indistinguishable; but the divine person of the Son, or the Logos, took up into connection with himself the nature of man, consisting of a perfect body and a reasonable soul, whose existence depends ever upon this act of assumption by the divine Logos; and yet, while distinct, each from the other, as to nature, they are both one in the unity of the person.

Fourth. This "logical statement" proceeds: "The idea of Scripture is not, that Logos assumed, or put on, humanity (except indeed the outward form and body of a man)." Here his doctrine is, that the Logos did not put on, or assume, any other part of human nature than the body of a man. And throughout the book he labors to prove this theory; affirming and arguing, that, as in God inheres the human element as well as the divine, there was no need for the assumption of a human soul.

Fifth. Hence the closing part of this "logical statement,"—"nor that he united it to himself as a foreign nature, but that he became man without losing his divinity."

"As a foreign nature." He holds that all of human nature, as to the Spirit, or Logos, in Christ was possessed by Christ

from all eternity; hence, when he became incarnate, he assumed, or put on, nothing foreign (except the body), for this nature was common to him through the eternal past.

"But that he became man without losing his real divinity." The mode of the incarnation, according to our author, and the manner in which he accounts for the human infirmities in Christ, is quite ingenious, though novel. As in the Logos inhered both the human and divine natures, so, when the Logos took upon itself the human body, the human elements in the divine essence became prominent, by the laying aside of the divine attributes; for our author declares, that "he who was in the form of God, and who was God, became self-empty of omnipotence and sovereignty, and reduced to the human and subject state, therefore subject to all the conditions and limitations of humanity."

As will be seen, he assumes the position that Christ laid aside all the attributes peculiar to the divine nature, yet retained that nature itself; and illustrates the weakness and ignorance affirmed of Christ's human nature on the ground of the effects of disease, as often seen upon the human mind. So, this "logical statement" reduces the divine Son of God, by reason of the incarnation, to the mental ignorance and weakness of helpless infancy, to grow and develop much after the same manner. It was thus the divine Logos, under human manifestations and conditions, that increased in favor with God and man, that was ignorant of the future judgment, and increased in wisdom. It was this that was sorrowful even unto death, and was the subject of all the suffering endured in the person of Christ. Hence his sufferings were not human sufferings merely, but were the sufferings of the Son of God. "His essential divinity is not abrogated by the incarnation. Deity is not converted into humanity, thereby losing his divine identity; but Christ is God as man, self-empty of his deific form and consciousness, and coming under the laws and limita-

tions—physical, moral, and spiritual—of humanity." (Page 396.)

Such is a general view of the author's conception of the person of Christ; and every part of the book, every argument advanced, is compactly brought together to sustain this conception. The objections of opposers are well anticipated, and a very fair show of reply is presented. Much of the literature on Christology during the ages is brought forward in the chapters on the "History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ," including the views of the early fathers, the Church Councils, and the Churches of the Reformation; and in many respects the book is valuable for its originality of thought, the felicity of its style, and the historical references it contains. That it differs from the system of Christology of the Church generally received, it is almost needless to say, from the statements quoted; and yet a few points in conclusion may not be out of place.

1. *His views on the nature of God.* We have seen that he teaches, that whatever there is essential to the *Pneuma*, or spiritual nature of man, has its archetype in God; the only difference being that God is infinite, while man is finite. The objection to this is, that the only distinction between the spiritual in man and the essence of Deity is in degree; that man is so many personalities of God, but in a limited extent. And that this may be his notion, or at least his theory affords ground for this objection, appears from his own language: "Man is not only the creature, but the *child* of God,—made in his image. God is the creator, or former, of our bodies, but he is the father of our spirits; which implies that our souls are descended from him, and partake of the divine nature and life."

2. He holds that man was made in view of the incarnation; for the reason that man is, and must be, in the present life, an imperfect transcript of the true original humanity, as found only in God and in the Logos, as the express image of his person; but that the incarnation was a manifestation of the divine and

perfect human, for the deliverance of the race. The objection to this is, that it puts the incarnation first as the cause of man's creation,—instead of the creation *first*, the fall of man *second*, and, for his redemption, the incarnation *third*, in the order of thought and of fact. It does not affirm, but it looks strongly in the direction of the decree of God, that man should sin and fall, all "to the praise of his glorious grace."

3. He teaches that there was but one real spiritual nature in Christ. True, he speaks of the *psyche* nature in him, as common to him, and to all other men; but this is only a kind of *unconscious sub-spiritual* substance, which he admits is equally present in the bodies of all brutes.

This is contrary to the conception of the person of Christ, as held by the general Church of God now, and from the days of the Councils of Nice and Chalcedon in the past. It deprives us of real brotherhood in Christ, and of a true filial relationship to God. For if Christ be not truly man in conjunction with the divine nature, so that his humanity shall become the property of the divine Son and part of his person, how shall our union with Christ constitute him our brother, or we become the sons of God, "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ Jesus?" On this hypothesis, we may well exclaim, "Ye have taken away my Lord, and I know not where ye have laid him."

The truth is, this system degrades the doctrine of the incarnation, by uniting the divine Logos to the mere form of a brute nature. We hold, and ever shall, to that more reasonable and Scriptural doctrine,—the two natures of God and man, in one person. By this, Christ, as God, can lay hold upon the eternal throne; and, as man, lay hold of a fallen race; and, blending the interest of both, be the sure "Advocate between God and man," and afford assurance to all who trust in him, that none shall be able to pluck them out of his hand.

4. We have seen that our author teaches, that the divine Logos emptied himself of all his divine attributes; that

he laid aside his deific form. This view we regard as highly objectionable, if, as he teaches, the *form* be made to consist in the attributes of the divine nature. That the apostle says, "He emptied himself, and took upon him the form of a servant," is very true; but Dr. Whitley, in his notes on the place, has clearly demonstrated, that the *form* was not his attributes, nor the divine nature, but that external and august brightness and glory in which God is said to dwell. We can not conceive a substance to exist without attributes, and especially essential attributes. If the Logos emptied himself of these, then he was neither God nor man. For he could not be God, and yet deprived of the attributes of God, and our author denies that he had a human soul.

But if the Logos could empty himself of his deific form,—the attributes of his deity,—might not the Father do the same, and so of the Holy Spirit? And if the essence of Deity could exist in such a case, it would be without its essential attributes, and so God could cease to exist. Worse still: If an essence be inconceivable without attributes, then might the essence of Deity cease to exist, and so the universe be without either the essence

or attributes of God; and so the essence and attributes of God be blotted from the universe. All, too, on this hypothesis of Christ, as the divine Logos, emptying himself of his deific form.

We are not yet prepared to surrender the grand old doctrine of the person of Christ: "The Son, who is the word of the Father, the very and eternal God, of one substance with the Father, took man's nature in the womb of the blessed Virgin; so that two whole and perfect natures, that is to say, the godhead and manhood, were joined together in one person, never to be divided, whereof is one Christ, very God and very man, who truly suffered, was crucified, dead and buried, to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a sacrifice, not only for original guilt, but also for the actual sins of men."

This has endured the crucible of the ages past, and shall for ages yet to come. Down into it the angels inquiringly gazed, without line sufficient to sound its depths. Of it the prophets and apostles spoke and wrote; while, by its virtue, believing humanity has been redeemed in the past, and the Church of God will yet gain the conquest of the world.

W. FITZGERALD.

AUNT KITTY'S NEW HOUSE.

"ALMOST tired out, Mary?" The words were accompanied by a look of tender solicitude into the weary white face by his side.

"Keep your courage up a little longer," he added, in response to a smile, and the reply that came cheerfully, though through shivering lips:

"No, dear, not quite. There is considerable life left yet."

"Well, another mile or so, and I think we will come to our stopping-place for this night."

And, tucking the buffalo-robe a little

more snugly around the form of his wife, and with an encouraging, "Git up, Kit! Come, now, Mary!" as he cracked the whip-snapper over the necks of the mud-coated ponies, the buggy in which rode brother Sylvester and his wife moved on more rapidly.

Brother Sylvester had calculated rightly. Another half-hour's trotting, which the scent of oats, rest, and shelter stimulated the tired horses to do at a handsome rate, brought our travelers, about dark, to the home of the friends where they expected to spend the night.

A hearty welcome, kindly greetings, warmth, a comfortable supper, and whatever else friendship and hospitality could suggest, was gladly done, to make the weary ones forget their weariness, and enjoy for a few hours the much needed rest.

These were an itinerant Methodist preacher and his wife, who had been riding for several days, cold, drizzly November days, from their field of labor for the past year to a distant part of the State, where most of their relatives resided.

"*Itinerants*," did I say? Well, no; not exactly that, either; for just now they were "superannuates."

Gentle reader, do you know what a superannuate is? Let me tell you.

It is when a Methodist preacher becomes so disabled by sickness or other affliction, that he can not take effective work, and has received permission from his conference to relinquish, for one year, the work of preaching the Gospel, to which he had solemnly promised to devote the health and strength and ability of his life. And do you know, that, to every true-hearted Methodist preacher (would that there were no other kind of hearted!), this necessity laid upon them, even for a time, *not* "to preach the Gospel," is the greatest sorrow of the life?

But brother Sylvester and his wife are meanwhile snugly ensconced in warm blankets. He who "giveth his beloved sleep" had heard the voice of their thanksgiving, and seen the gratitude of their hearts for the mercies of the day and the shelter of the night; and he had given his angels charge concerning them, as, all unconscious of the passing hours, they rested in deep, untroubled sleep.

The next morning, the urgent invitation of their friends to remain, and rest with them during the day, was accepted; and some of the incidents of that day have led me to tell you about how it happened that Aunt Kitty obtained a new house.

"Indeed, sister Sylvester," said Aunt

Kitty, as we were gathered cozily together in the sitting-room, "I certainly would advise you to persuade your husband to go into business, and have some certainty in the future to depend on.

Aunt Kitty was a distant relative of my father, and had been spending some weeks with us. She was wealthy and sociable and kind,—one of the sort of people that seem made to visit with, who are ready to laugh or talk or advise, as the case may be. Then Aunt Kitty, though, as she said herself, "not decidedly religious," was very friendly to the preachers, and took a special interest in their wives. In fact, she used to say, the only reason that, many years ago, she had not married a certain young itinerant, and been a preacher's wife herself, was because she always wanted a house of her own, and was determined to have it. Aunt Kitty was a widow now, and, strange to say, although she had owned and altered and built a good many houses, she had not yet succeeded in getting one that exactly suited her.

"Yes, I certainly would," she went on to say. "You and he have been in this itinerancy long enough. His health has become enfeebled since he had that long spell of fever, and you are almost worn out. Now just settle yourselves. Urge him to get into some business. Build yourselves a nice comfortable home,—I have such a nice plan for a house in my mind now,—and live in it and enjoy yourselves."

Sister Sylvester had a bright look in her eyes, and a little smile seemed flitting over her face, as if some very pleasant thought had been suggested.

Encouraged by the apparently favorable reception of her remarks, Aunt Kitty continued:

"You see, with your husband's energy and ability, it won't take him very long to do that. And how much comfort you would take in having a good house of your own! Not some old log house, nor somebody's old barn, nor some old and patched-up or tumble-down affair, that some stingy stewards think good enough

for a preacher; but a nice, cosy, convenient house, such as I have in my mind," she said, emphatically.

Aunt Kitty liked to help the people she took a fancy to; and I did not know but that she was going to offer to build our friends a house, when we were all a little startled by her asking, abruptly:

"Sister Sylvester, how long have you been married?"

"Fifteen years," was the quiet reply.

"How much of that time have you been in the itinerancy?"

"Every hour of it, until one week ago, or since the session of our annual conference."

"How many appointments has your husband been on during that time?"

"Eight," pleasantly replied sister Sylvester; adding, "You see, my husband had been one year on his first circuit before I came to help him."

"How many times have you moved in all, do you think?"

"Just fourteen times." And putting her hand lightly on Aunt Kitty's, as if she would not be misunderstood, sister Sylvester said, by way of explanation, "That was because, in a new country, there can be so few parsonages, and so few houses, or even parts of houses, unoccupied."

"O dear! O dear!" sighed Aunt Kitty. "How awfully you must have suffered! Have you not felt as if you wanted to die, sometimes?"

"If I ever did, dear Aunt Kitty, I am afraid that I should be too much ashamed of my cowardice and weakness to say much about it. For I have learned," said sister Sylvester, "that praying to die is a very poor preparation to enable us to live, and accomplish the work God assigns to us."

"O my! O my!" again sighed Aunt Kitty. "How you do talk! Tell me one thing more. How did you stand it, when you lost your four little children, who died, they told me, partly from cold, and your want of the things you should have had to make you and them comfortable in your moving from place to

place! You need not mind telling me, you know," she added, kindly.

The two ladies had drawn close together. They were both earnestly interested, and apparently unconscious of being listened to by others. Tears stood in their eyes, heart was answering heart, as sister Sylvester replied, tremulously, but O so sweetly:

"My four precious little ones are not lost, Aunt Kitty, nor separated, although their little graves are many miles apart. I know that they are all together, in my Father's house above, cared for and safe and happy; and that he called them at the best time both for them and us."

"It is well for you, if you can think that," said Aunt Kitty, and the tears were coming streaming down. "But, to me, Reuben and the little boy and girl I buried are in their graves. That is where they seem to me to be. And I tell you, sister Sylvester, it is a cold, dark place to lie in, and I dread to think of it. There is a feeling of horror about it."

I wish I could picture the glow of light and joy which gleamed amid the tears from sister Sylvester's eyes and face, as she said:

"Dear Aunt Kitty, the grave is not the abode of our little ones, who have been redeemed from the curse of the law by the precious blood of Christ. It is not the place where our loved ones stay, who have died in the Lord. It is only the dressing-room of heaven, you know, where the sin-stained, way-worn, wearisome garments of earth are exchanged for the glorious robes of immortality. The poor dust, which sleeps in the grave until the Master is ready to use it again, is very different from the conscious, responsible being who laid it down, to be clothed anew, in vestments white and pure, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing."

Then, with a glad smile, she went on to say:

"Only think of this wonderful life, with its education and discipline, its long years of training and development, its aspirations and possibilities, all ending

in the grave, after a few short years of almost abortive effort! What a waste it would be! How unlike any other exhibition of the work and utilization of our God! For you know that nothing is lost, nothing is superfluous, nothing without a definite purpose, in all the economy of nature, as we are told by the wise and philosophical of all ages."

Aunt Kitty was wiping away the tears, as she answered: "If I could only see it as you do! But this world is all I seem to see."

"You know," said sister Sylvester, "how earnestly you have been urging me to get a home for myself; now let me tell you about the house that my husband and I are trying to build. When we commenced life together, we both felt the necessity of having a permanent home, and we laid our plans just as wisely as we knew how. After asking for wisdom, we became assured that, in a very few years, the earthly house of our tabernacle *would dissolve*; so we concluded not to be too anxiously concerned about that. And God has wonderfully kept us. Even what seemed to be trials have proved blessings."

"Just tell me," asked Aunt Kitty here, eagerly, "do you believe that you have seen more sorrow and trouble in your life as a preacher's wife, than if you had been rich, and trying to enjoy yourselves?"

"I am sure we have not. I know," replied sister Sylvester, "that it appears as if our lives were one continued well-spring of joy. We have had so much of love and gladness, and so little of sorrow. Our work has been our delight. O, you do n't know what a comfort it is to trust in the Lord!"

"I know it is true, or you would not say it," said Aunt Kitty. "Tell me more about your house. I just feel as if you were going to tell me something that I want so much to know."

"Well, we determined to build upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets; Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone," promptly, and with a win-

some smile, replied sister Sylvester.

"And, to our great satisfaction, we found that we had a mighty Helper and Burden-bearer, who pledged himself to work with us. And with his help we have been building every day a little. Our house is not finished, Aunt Kitty, but it is growing,—sometimes very slowly, yet I am sure it will be ready for us when we are ready to occupy it. We have tried to build with gold and silver and precious stones; but, every once in a while, we have found that we had on a layer of wood or hay or stubble; and you know they are poor materials to stand the fire. So we have had to take them all away, and just begin again to put on the gold and silver and precious stones, no matter how much they seemed to cost."

"Well, but," said Aunt Kitty, "I do n't exactly understand."

"You remember that we are told, the Word of the Lord, his judgments, and his testimonies are the fine gold of his people, more precious than any thing else. And silver has been the purification of our hearts, through the blessed Spirit, from all deceitfulness of sin. Just here, Aunt Kitty, our house has had much difficulty in progressing," said sister Sylvester. "We have found that God requires truth in the inward parts, where no eye sees but his. Then, the precious stones, with which we have tried to build, have been virtue, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity. And the rubbish, the wood, hay, and stubble, which have had to be so frequently removed, are pride and selfishness and egotism, and doing to be seen of men. *These*, dear Aunt Kitty, we have to watch against, and pray frequently for grace to resist. And now we are looking clearly ahead, and we know, dear Aunt Kitty, 'that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' So, you see, while suffering a little, just now, at the prospect of my husband not being able to preach the Gospel publicly for a time, we are *sure*,

however mysterious his providence may look to us, that the Master makes no mistakes. He is using us, as we are fit to be used, both for our own highest good and the work of his Church. Do you see?"

We all felt that the influence of that morning would never be forgotten. We knew that Aunt Kitty's soul was wonderfully stirred; but none of us imagined with what power sister Sylvester's words had sunk into her heart. For several years, Aunt Kitty had been subject to frequent and very alarming attacks of illness; spasmodic difficulty of the heart, the physicians had said. That evening, after the family had retired, we were aroused by the intelligence that Aunt Kitty was very ill, having one of her worst attacks. Long hours of intense suffering and many paroxysms of pain followed. Toward morning, however, the agony was relieved. Pale and exhausted, Aunt Kitty lay very quietly then. Her hand was clasping sister Sylvester's. She had been lying with closed eyes for a long time; not a word of the usual exclamations of distress had escaped her. But, just as daylight came, opening her closed eyes, from which the tears were bathing her face, and looking at the dear friend by her bedside, she exclaimed:

"My new house! I have just begun, with the help of the Savior, to build it. By his grace, I will build it in truth and righteousness. O, what an awful pile of

selfishness and pride and folly have I been rearing up! I have just been looking at it, as it was consumed into smoke. My life! my life! Nothing built for God! nothing accomplished for any one but self!"

In an hour or two, she fell asleep, and awoke, toward noon, strengthened and refreshed. Brother and sister Sylvester went on their way, his health better, as if the crisp, clear air of Winter had reinvigorated him. And the blessing of the Lord went with them.

Aunt Kitty, in a few days, arose from that sick-bed, an altered woman. She had the thought fixed in her heart, that this life is a capital to be invested for eternity; that using it as God directs, in serving him, it will yield an incalculable interest; using it in sin, whether open wickedness, or in folly and pride, squanders the capital given to be invested,—and ruined, life is failure without hope of retrieval.

For six years Aunt Kitty labored earnestly "to do what she could. Humbly, lovingly, trustfully, she sought to conform her life and heart to the standard of God's Word. How she grew to love it, and how gladly she helped to send it abroad! How she came to value the preaching of the Gospel and the heralds of the cross! I can not tell you all her faithful, prayerful life accomplished. We all felt it, and many were led by it to seek, also, to love and serve the Savior.

MRS. CHAUNCEY HOBART.

EVENING PRAYER.

LORD! stay with me from morn to eve,
For without thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I can not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine,
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessing from thy boundless store;
Let every mourner's sleep to-night
Be like an infant's, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE.

WAITING.

WHEN the crickets chirp in the evening,
 And the stars flash out in the sky,
 I sit in my lonely doorway
 And watch the children go by.
 I look at their fresh, young faces,
 And hark to each merry word,
 For to me, a child's own language
 Is the sweetest e'er was heard.

And so I sit in my doorway
 In the hour that I love best,
 And think, as I see them passing,
 My child will come with the rest;
 Think, when I hear the clicking
 Of the little garden gate,
 My darling's hand is upon it—
 O, why has she come so late?

But the days have been slowly weaving
 Their warp of toil in my life;
 The weeks have rolled on me their burden
 Of waiting, and patience, and strife;
 The flowers that came with the Summer
 Have finished their errand so sweet,
 And Autumn is dropping her harvests,
 Mellow and ripe, at my feet.

And yet my little girl comes not,
 And I think she has missed her way,
 And strayed from this cold, dark country,
 To one of perpetual day;
 I think that the angels have found her,
 And, loving her better than we,
 Have begged the Good Father to keep her
 Right on, through eternity,
 Perhaps. But I long to enfold her,
 To tangle my hand in her hair;
 To feast my starved mouth on her kisses,
 To hear her light foot on the stair;
 I am but a poor selfish mother,
 And mother-hearts starve, though they
 know
 Their children are drinking the nectar
 From lilies in heaven that blow.
 Some day, I am sure I shall find her;
 But the road is so lonesome between,
 My spirit grows sick and impatient,
 For a glimpse of the pastures so green;
 Till then I shall sit in the doorway,
 In the hour that my heart loves best,
 And think, when the children pass homeward,
 My child will come with the rest.

WHAT THE WINDS SAY.

WHAT do the winds say to us,
 As they hurry across the plain?
 Or eddy around the hill-tops,
 Coming, and going again?
 What do they say to us ever,
 As they whisper among the trees?
 Or murmur so low in the bushes,
 Stirring the pendent leaves?
 Hark!—e'en now they are harping
 Through my half-open door,
 Breathing their strange, sweet melody,
 Deepening more and more.
 What is the message they bear us,
 Stooping so low as they go,
 Wafting the laugh of the joyous,
 Echoing the wails of woe?

This, I believe, is their lesson,
 Taught alike by all,
 That He who watcheth the sparrow,
 Keepeth it lest it fall;
 Watcheth alike o'er the wind-blasts,
 Tempering with grace their power;
 Making them bearers of love-gifts,
 Multiplied every hour.
 And so, as they kiss the casement,
 Or rudely knock at my door,
 Or lovingly rock the tree-tops,
 Laughing o'er and o'er,
 I say, all hail, ye wind-powers!
 Come to me when you will;
 You must ever repeat me the lesson
 That Providence keepeth me still.

THE TENTH CENTURY.

THE tenth century must ever be regarded as the darkest period of modern history. When we look, from the midst of our civilization, back to those ages called dark, we rather seem to see some novelist's dream, instead of unvarnished history; some highly colored and fantastically grouped painting of the fifteenth century, rather than the rigidly accurate delineations of the pre-Raphaelite age. But, as our civilization advances, the darkness which shrouds those centuries appears more and more "visible," and we are forced to conclude, however unwillingly, that there has been a time when man dwelt in the deep valleys of degradation; when he has claimed his kinship to the brute creation; when there has been a total eclipse of all progress.

To the student of history this fact is not so strange as might at first appear. The Roman world, overburdened with civilization, fell, and rude barbarians had for generations sported on its ruins. Invasion after invasion had buried what was good in the Roman civilization deep beneath successive layers of blood-stained earth. France, since the division of the empire, had gradually assumed importance as an independent state; but had been so subject to invasions from the North that her boundaries were undefined, and her government a curious combination of monarchy, hierarchy, and feudalism. England had embraced Christianity, it is true, but her soil was overrun, and her people crushed beneath the tumultuous tread of the barbarians of the North.

The tenth century is the critical point of the great struggle between the old conditions of society and the rising intelligence of the people, which engrossed the Middle Ages. Here met the powers of darkness and those of light; and, as at Waterloo, for a long time the victory hung in the scales. The ninth century had been bad enough, and the eleventh showed

a marked improvement, still, in the condition of society. Between them lay the dark tenth century,—so dark that only occasional flashes of lightning give us any insight into its otherwise impenetrable mists.

The state of Europe at this time is terrible to contemplate. The native population was intermingled with barbarians from the Northern forests. France may be taken as a sample of all Europe at this period. Of her it is said, that the Romanized Gauls, effeminated Franks, Goths, and Burgundians, who composed her inhabitants, were unfitted for the duties of either subjects or rulers. "They were too ambitious to obey, and too ignorant to command." Religion had lost its efficacy. Relics took the place of the Scriptures, and prelates rode in command of armies. The Papacy was in its most corrupt days,—and yet Boniface VII and John XII (the pontiffs of this century) were as much masters of the world as even the good Sylvester II.

And yet, in spite of this dark and sullen surface, there were stirring, beneath, the elements of the civilization which we enjoy. The old forms of society were effete; and, although no one might know what to propose as the new order of things, every one knew that it was useless to recur to the systems which had been crippled at Marathon and Plataea, and finally destroyed at Rome. Hence the supineness, the awful calm, of this century.

As in all the revolutions out of which has come our present civilization barbarian influence has been the deciding power, so here. While the civilized world (if it be not mockery to call it so) was wrapped in preternatural stillness, the rude Norsemen were by no means inactive. England was overrun by them, and now France was the object of their forays. Ascending rivers in their light boats, "carrying" around falls, sacking

villages, they made their way into the interior of France, and ensconced themselves in her fairest fields. The influences of religion and language transformed these free lances into feudatories of the crown; and thus a new element was introduced into the French population, which, in the coming centuries, was to leaven the whole mass.

But the distinguishing feature of the tenth century was the first establishment of real feudalism. We are too prone to look on the feudal system as utterly wrong, and not worthy of serious regard as an agent in producing modern civilization; when, in point of fact, its establishment is worthy of our high consideration, as being the first victory won in behalf of social equality since the Christian era.

The death of Charlemagne, in 814, marked the decline of royalty. Indeed, the reign of this great and good monarch had seen a relaxation of the power vested in the throne; and when his immense domain became the fief of Louis the Débonnaire, this power lost all its efficacy, and Germany and France were speedily separated; as, in accordance with nature, they should have been long before. The petty sovereigns who succeeded to the portions of the dismembered empire held their places only by sufferance of the people, and the revolution which was silently working among the latter soon shook to the ground the frail thrones of the former. Hereditary ownership became gradually recognized as the true basis of property-holding; and before long the country was divided among the nobles, about whom instinctively clustered the common people. Thus were formed the innumerable baronial courts all over Europe. These feudal barons were supreme within their own bounds. Their castles, built on commanding eminences, were the home of the baronial family, the headquarters of the small village of dependents about them, and their common defense against the invasions of their predatory neighbors. Within his territory, the baron was king; without

it, he was a peer with scores of others, who met in an assembly at stated times to discuss questions pertaining to the common cause. Independent they were in probably the highest sense of that word, their assemblies being simply deliberative bodies without legislative authority.

The relations of the baronial courts to the throne were, as would naturally be supposed under the circumstances, complimentary rather than otherwise. The king was little else than a baron on a larger scale. Some writers, in their zeal to claim honor for the feudal system, go so far as to argue that the relations existing between the baron and his dependents were only such as prevail between debtor and creditor, governed and governor, the world over. This is, in the main, correct; but it must be admitted, that, although the system under discussion was the discoverer of popular equality, and a long step in advance of previous systems, yet the relations of the barons and their dependents were not widely different from slavery. However this may be, Europe was ruled either by "mailed barons or surpliced priests." Sometimes they played into each other's hands. The middle class was comparatively nowhere, being in the direct employ of either the Church or the nobility. This state of things culminated when, in 987, the barons, tired of the play of royalty, placed the baron of what is now Paris on the throne of France. The Pope quickly added his sanction, and ratified the election of Hugh Capet "King of France in right of his great deeds." This change in the dynasty of France was momentous, and its result was not long in manifesting itself. Capet endeavored to regain the submission of the people,—no easy task, it will be imagined. For nine years he conducted his arduous task, succeeding in no inconsiderable degree, and, dying, secured the election of Robert, called the Wise, to the throne of France.

This was a critical time for civilization. The conflict between the old forms of society and the rising intelligence of the

people took now a favorable turn. In Germany, a movement similar to that in France took place; and Otho, in 962, began the alliance between Upper Italy and the emperors, which now subsists under the house of Austria. The only difference between the French and German movements was, that in Germany the throne was not made hereditary, but was left elective.

England was now seeing her darkest days. The Norsemen pillaged the inhabitants, who applied in vain to their impoverished nobles for succor. Italy and Hungary were suffering, the one from the Saracens, and the other from a Sclavic invasion; and in no part of Europe was there political peace. The popes, sunk deep in degradation and infamy, engaged in the most scandalous intrigues, and the highest offices in the Church were filled by fortunate libertines. In the midst of this corruption at home, the Papal throne demanded, for the first time, universal obedience, as "Bishop of all the world," and "lineal successor to the prince of the apostles." No clearer proof of the besotted condition of the tenth century is needed.

We have now to notice one of those mysterious ways in which Providence moves the world,—a revolution which can admit of no explanation other than the Divine Will moving upon the minds of men. The belief was universal, that, at the end of a thousand years from the birth of Jesus Christ, the world would come to an end. This belief, encour-

aged by the Church and fostered by the nobility, gained tremendous power in the closing years of this awful century. Emperors and kings hastened to receive holy orders; subjects renewed their allegiance to the Church; and every class of society appeared anxious to prepare for the great event which was so firmly expected. Crops were neglected, houses were left unrepaired, "truces of God" were instituted, and, to crown all, Gerbert, a man worthy the highest ecclesiastical dignity, was, in 998, elevated to the Papal throne, under the name of Sylvester II.

To the unprejudiced student of history, nothing is more evident than the hand of God, silently marking out the course of nations, and bringing to pass happiness out of misery, order out of chaos. From the dawn of history, the course of events has tended toward the supremacy of virtue and intelligence. Although, at times, the way has seemed devious, although, as in the century which we have been sketching, the line of advancing humanity has wavered and broken, yet, above the clouds, lower as they might, above the din of battle, has been seen the light of Truth, and the kind finger of Providence, pointing unmistakably forward. As, at the equator, the winds, rushing from opposite directions, meet, and cause a calm, so, in the tenth century, the deadly stillness which brooded over all things betokened but the end of the old, the beginning of the new.

EMORY H. TALBOT.

THE PERFECT IMAGE.

IN ancient times there stood in the citadel of Athens three statues of Minerva. The first was of olive wood; the second was of bronze, commemorating the victory of Marathon; and the third, of gold and ivory—a great miracle of art in the age of Pericles. And thus in the

citadel of time stands man himself. In childhood, shaped of soft and delicate wood, just fallen from heaven; in manhood a statue of bronze, commemorating struggle and victory; and lastly, in the maturity of age, perfectly shaped in gold and ivory—a miracle of art.—*Hyperion*.

THE OLD FRENCH POWER IN AMERICA.

I PROPOSE to give an account of the rise and fall of the old French power in America. The study is one which must have a peculiar interest to the student of the earlier portions of American history. The subject itself constitutes one of the most thrilling chapters in the annals of the olden times. It has to do with the politics of two hemispheres; it involves a consideration of the measures of nations which were ever bitterly hostile toward each other, and calls in review the names and characters of men who shaped the destiny of the New World,—names which are as familiar as those of our own times.

The study will reveal also, at the same time, how the foundations of this great republic were laid, and will impress our minds deeply with the great fact, which must never be forgotten, that God is in history, and especially that he is in our history as a nation; that to him we owe our liberties, civil and religious. In the studies of my boyhood, this subject had a far greater charm to the imagination than the tales of the "Arabian Nights," or that fascinating production of Defoe's heated brain, the story of "Robinson Crusoe." It used to be my delight, when very young, to wander along the old trail where Braddock led his army, composed of British regulars and raw Colonial troops, to the slaughter of Monongahela, on their way to attack the French and Indian forces at Fort Duquesne. Many a time have I perched myself on some bald, rocky prominence or grassy knoll, and imagined how strangely the "Red-coats" of King George must have contrasted with the wild mountain scenery, as they marched along over the mere semblance of a road,—cut across the Alleghany Mountains by detachments of their own men,—with the steady tramp of English soldiery, their drums beating, and their colors flaunting in the mountain breezes.

Many a musket-ball and antiquated knee-buckle have I picked up on some of these old fields, where these troops encamped behind the rude fortifications thrown up to serve as a temporary protection against the assaults of a foe more wily than powerful,—the combined French and Indians. I have followed the route taken by the youthful Washington when he first went out to reconnoiter the grounds, and I shall not soon forget my feelings as, on a bright October day, I stood for the first time where the young Virginia colonel built his first stockade, and called it "Necessity," away yonder in the heart of the Alleghanies, which history has since dignified with the name Fort Necessity, and from which he was permitted to retreat with the "honors of war." But I shall have occasion to refer to this at some future time.

From Duquesne northward along the Alleghany River, by "the Kittanning,"—a once noted Indian village, where Captain Jacob, or Jack, dwelt with his band of braves,—to the blue waters of the Shenango; and eastward to Cumberland, on the banks of the Potomac; southward to the head-waters of the Monongahela; and westward along the Ohio,—over all this territory, where transpired much that gave direction to the course of events in the formation of our great nation, I have wandered, as over classic grounds.

The fireside tales of my boyhood were of border life,—tales of Indian battles, and abductions of the whites, instigated, as most of these cruelties were, by the French. Many a time have I read of these tragic scenes, and listened to the recitals of these woeful stories, when but a mere stripling, until it seemed as if I would give life and every thing; could I only strike some revengeful blow.

But I can not pass to my theme proper without a little discursion, which, being prefatory to the main subject, may be longer or shorter. I must beg the

reader's indulgence. My story has a foundation in great facts, and facts are stubborn things. They must not be lost sight of.

The British and French nations each saw in America a prize worth contending for. It needed no very far-seeing wisdom to discern the prospective and inevitable greatness of the New World. Hence came the wars of the last century, known to us as the "French and Indian Wars," the Indian massacres, the distress brought upon the early settlers who came within range of French muskets and Indian tomahawks. It was the pride of the red savages to leap upon the unprotected white settlers, and then return to their lodges in the fastnesses of the wilderness with the scalps of men, women, and children swinging from their belts.

We boast of the greatness of our country, of our wealth, prosperity, civilization, but let us not forget the hard struggles through which our fathers passed. All honor to the memory of the men and women who struck the first blow in converting a wilderness into a garden. These early struggles were the birth-throes which gave the world this great Protestant nation.

Let us go back now, and trace up in brief some of the events which lie at the basis of the history of modern times.

ANCIENT DISCOVERY.

Among the sciences, no one has undergone a greater development during the past few generations than that of geography. In ancient times, the figure and size of the earth were not known even by the wisest of men. It is not so now; and the wonder with us, at this day, is, how truth could so long have lain concealed beneath the veil of mystery.

The Jews knew very little of the globe beyond the lands of Palestine and Egypt, and the regions which lie between the Mediterranean, or "great sea," as they called it, and the banks of the Euphrates. They were very greatly surpassed by the Phœnicians, who pressed their voyages to the greatest extent possible in their

day. The Carthaginians, who were descendants of these sea-faring Phœnicians, were something of a maritime people. We are told of two of their explorers, Hanno and Hamilcar, who in their adventures sailed beyond the Straits of Gibraltar. Hanno went as far to the southward as the coast of Guinea, and Hamilcar as far northward as Britain. But Greece and Rome, with their higher civilization and superior prowess, by their conquests and explorations, gave a wider scope to human thought and a broader field to human ambition, and really opened up the world to the study of mankind.

The Roman Empire took in its sweep all Northern Africa. Roman legions held in their powerful grasp every nation from the Rhine to the Caspian Sea. It was the boast of these proud conquerors of the Old World, that the laurels which bedecked the brows of their Cæsars were gathered from every land.

By the ancients, the earth was believed to be a vast plain, surrounded by an ocean of unknown extent. Over this plain rose the high arch of the heavens, which they ignorantly supposed rested on the tops of the highest mountains; while, beneath, were the regions of bliss and woe,—Elysium and Tartarus. The sun, moon, and stars were viewed with superstitious awe, while up to them turned the eyes of many a devout worshiper. These globes were also imagined to rise out of the sea in the morning, and set beneath its briny waters in the evening. And it was commonly reported that they who lived in the far-off western coast could actually hear the hissing noise made by the sun as he plunged his fiery bulk to rest beneath ocean waters at night.

Thus did men live in ignorance of great facts and principles of science through the long and misty ages of the past.

Nothing was then known, to the civilized world, of America. This vast continent, in itself a world, lay hidden from the gaze of man behind Atlantic waves—shall I use a poetic figure, and

say, banked mountain high? The clouds watered it; winds swept over its extended plains; rivers, the mightiest on the globe, rolled their sparkling waters through its valleys. Its dense forests lay in sullen gloom, echoing only to the howl of ferocious beasts, and the war-whoop of the not less ferocious savages, while the rich ores and flashing gems of Columbia lay shimmering in the sun.

It is true, men were here; but, whatever their condition once may have been, when America became known to Europeans these strange people existed only as savage, wandering tribes, without art, science, or civilization,—men but little raised above the wild beasts of the forest.

It is pertinent to inquire, right at this point, Whence came these men? And, up to the present time, no very satisfactory answer has been given. But it is a fact that there was an ancient civilization on this continent which dated away back beyond either history or tradition; a civilization not to lie despised, and whose traces are seen, even to-day, in the tumuli and temple-ruins of the Mississippi Valley, Mexico, Central America, and Peru. Our people go abroad to visit the ruins of a former greatness. Babylon, Nineveh, Jerusalem, and Herculaneum are names which charm us; but is it known that here, on this western continent, are traces of a once wonderful people.

If these archæological remains are a mystery now, they were not less so even at as early a date as when Columbus discovered the New World. It would be foreign to my purpose to give any thing like an elaborate description of these ancient works, and yet they have a curious interest to the student of American history. Take, for instance, the ruins of the city now called by archæologists *Palenque*. They lie there, buried away in the deep forest, where they were forgotten even before the days of Cortez. The Spanish had occupied Mexico more than two hundred years before these ruins became known to Europeans. Nor

do we even yet know their entire extent. They lie hidden beneath vast and dense forest growth, almost entirely out of sight in many places. The largest known building of Palenque is called the "Palace." The ruins of this edifice at its base are two hundred and twenty-eight feet long and one hundred and eighty wide. It faces the east, with fourteen doorways at the sides and eleven at the ends. It was built of hewn stone throughout, and laid in mortar of the best quality. It has four interior courts, one of them seventy by eighty feet in extent. Here are architectural works richly decorated. The piers around the courts are "covered with figures in stucco or plaster, which, where broken, reveals six or more coats or layers, each revealing traces of painting."* There are also the famous ruins of Copan, which seem older than those of Palenque. Here are seen elaborately carved monoliths; also a great stone wall, in one place ninety feet high, and over six hundred feet in length, built on the river's edge, to support the rear wall of a stupendous edifice,—an edifice whose foundation was as great as St. Peter's at Rome. But I will not enlarge upon this subject. I may only say, that, at some remote period in the past, our country in its southwestern portions had a population which must have been very numerous, and whose cities were as great as ancient Thebes, to which Palenque has been compared. Here, amid the ruins of a former age, how remote no one knows, are obelisks of granite, bearing well-wrought figures in relief. To some of these ancient temples there are entrances through splendid porticoes, a hundred feet in length, adorned with shields and other devices, which indicate a very high degree of civilization, at a period far removed from the present.

A legend of ancient Egypt, told by Plato, spoke of an island called Atlantis, and beyond it a vast region of country. Was not this the land we occupy? That

* Baldwin's "Ancient America," p. 106.

island was in the great ocean, subsequently named Atlantic, and was reported to have sunk beneath its waves. It was believed to be larger than Asia and Africa taken together. The story of the Egyptian priests had it, that, nine thousand years before the time of Plato, this island of Atlantis was not only thickly settled, but very powerful. It is more than likely that the remote civilization, traces of which are yet extant in the mounds and temples of the southwest, existed on the "Atlantis" of the ancients. But I must leave this subject, with the confession that I find it difficult to steer my pen away from grounds so enchanting.

Many arguments go to sustain the claim which Iceland makes of having discovered the New World. Her historians assert that her navigators sailed from her bleak shores to Greenland, and thence to Labrador; that they explored the coast of America on the east, and actually established some colonies. Danish writers claim that adventurous Norsemen entered the waters of Rhode Island, and inscribed their names and deeds on the rocks of Taunton River; that they gave the name of Vinland to the southeast coast of New England, and thence directed their ships as far southward as the Carolinas.

However all this may be, I do not come to dispute their claim. One thing is certain: the world has long since awarded to Christopher Columbus the glory of that discovery, and the angel of history has put the chaplet on his brow.

The story of that discovery I need not recount. It is sufficient to remark that it was an auspicious moment in the life of the valorous sailor, and an event of startling magnitude to the whole world, when, on the 7th of October, A. D. 1492, a new continent was given to the world,—new, and yet, as I have shown, not new. America has been discovered twice; it will be discovered the third time, when researches shall be so far made as to tell us just who the mound-builders were,

and who the architects of the temples of Honduras and Yucatan.

OUR EXTENT.

It is now my purpose, on my way to the main question, the objective point, to consider our country in several of its aspects,—its vast extent, its boundless resources, its great development. We are all geographers enough to find its position on the map of the world, and historians enough to recount the leading events in its history; and, furthermore, we all take great pride in our name. The traveler abroad says, proudly, "I am an American."

But then our country is longer, broader, and richer than most of us have thought. As we learn mostly by comparison, I propose that we compare ourselves with some other nations of whom we have definite knowledge.

First, let me remark that America embraces the whole continent,—British America, South America, Mexico, West Indies, and, last but not least, the United States. North America alone has an area of about eight million square miles. The distance from Cape Sable, on the Florida coast, to Cape Lisburne, the extreme of Alaska, is nearly five thousand miles. The United States, which occupies the central portion, between the lakes and the great Mexican Gulf, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, gives character to the whole, and is the recognized controlling power of the country known as North America. If we were a military people, ambitious of conquest, we could easily carry our flag over the hemisphere, from Labrador to Mexico, and from Patagonia to Alaska.

Let us then draw the lines, and gauge the dimensions of the great Republic. Our own immediate territory is about three thousand miles long by two thousand wide, embracing not far from four million square miles, with a coast-line of fifteen thousand miles. We get some idea of the extent of our country, when I say that our territory is ten times the size of France and Great Britain united.

Suppose an empire were to be constructed by uniting together France, Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark; and yet the territory of the United States is three times as large as all of these combined. England, with Wales, Scotland, and Ireland added, is only double the size of New England. England exceeds only a very little in area the State of New York. Virginia, Georgia, Wisconsin, and Michigan are each larger than England. Texas is equal to six Englands. Minnesota is larger than Italy. Kansas exceeds Prussia. Most of our Western States are larger, geographically, than the boasted empires of the Old World. And here is another fact: When the territory of the United States shall have reached a density of population equal to that of either France or England, there will be here over six hundred millions of people. And who can say such a time will never come? What land was ever more suited to meet the wants of humanity? What country on earth was ever so rapidly developed? What region of the globe has greater natural resources than ours? Where are to be found more inducements to seek a "local habitation and a name" than here in America?

Let a traveler start for the California coast by the overland route. He goes from Boston—the place where all things center and start, in the estimation of a *Hubite*—across the State of Massachusetts; thence through Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio,

Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and into Kansas. He sits down at one of her principal cities to rest. He is weary with his long journey; but distance yet stretches out before him; he must rise and push on; for he has only reached the half-way house between the two oceans. There are two places on the American continent which it is quite difficult to find. They are very large places, and their names are familiar to all: the one is "Down East;" the other, "Out West." I have gone to Connecticut, Massachusetts, and away off into Maine, hoping to discover the very spot where the genuine "Down Easter" luxuriates in his native clime; but I have always been informed that the "spot of earth" I sought was one or two hundred miles further on. So I never could overtake it. Then I have turned back to see if I could find "Out West;" but, alas! a like disappointment has awaited me. Reader, go as far as you will, the real "Out West" is always just ahead of you, somewhere from one to five hundred miles toward the setting sun. To overtake it is like an attempt to overtake your shadow.

And so it is the territory of this great Republic, for which the powerful nations of France and England once contested so hotly, is greater than that of the Roman Empire in its proudest day, or that of Alexander the Great; and it has as many charms of scenery, and offers as many fields for study, as any other region on the face of the globe.

J. H. M'CARTY.

"SENSATION" AMONG THE CLASSICS.

WE are going to use the word "sensation," or "sensationalism," in its modern and latest meaning. Our Dictionary gives three definitions of the word "sensation:" 1. An impression made upon the mind through the medium of the organs of sense; feeling awakened by external objects, or by some change in the internal state of the body; as a *sensation* of heaviness, or of heat, etc. Illustration, by Sir William Hamilton: "Perception is only a special kind of knowledge, and *sensation* a special kind of feeling. . . . Knowledge and feeling, perception and *sensation*, though always coexistent, are always in the inverse ratio of each other." 2. Purely spiritual or psychical affections; agreeable or disagreeable feelings occasioned by objects that are not corporeal or material. 3. A state of excited interest or feeling. Illustration from Brougham: "The *sensation* caused by that work is still remembered by many." The meaning we would make of the word is that now in common use: "Attended by, or fitted to excite, great interest, wonder, or astonishment."

Nowadays we hear of sensational literature, sensational science, sensational theology, sensational eloquence, sensational every thing. A man who does not treat of literature, science, theology, or any thing, in the common, smooth, quiet, every-day manner—who introduces novelties, startling sentiments, and dramatic effects, into his plain work—is said to be a "sensationalist." He "creates a sensation." And this is supposed to be a late invention, by certain wise people. Our forefathers, they try to make us believe, would not put up with such a thing. A mistake, good sir, and good madam—a mistake. Our forefathers were just as fond of sensation as we are. Indeed, we moderns, in almost every respect, are a quiet, sedate, dignified people compared with our forefathers. If some of those *auto-da-fe*, witch-burning,

Inquisition-torturing ancestors of ours could rise from the dust, and walk about among us for a while, they would regard us as excessively tame, stupid, and uninteresting, and hasten back to their dust with no sensation but that of *ennui*.

No: there *are* sensations nowadays; but they are weak indeed in comparison with those of the good old times. And we are not sorry for it. For there were sensations in those elder days some of you sigh for so often, that would make a modern's blood freeze and his hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. We will not recall them to your memory, by repeating them, just now. Our object is to speak a few words about the sensations of classic Greece and Rome in the days when great men lived. And we will not lay down any first-class system of chronology in the arrangement of names and incidents, but speak of them at random as they arise in our memory.

Did you ever hear of Dinocrates? You have heard no doubt of many an *ocrates*—as Isocrates, Socrates, Hippocrates, and such gentlemen—but did you ever hear of Dinocrates? We will e'en imagine that a few of you have not, and therefore presume that we are not introducing an old friend when we introduce this worthy ancient. He was an architect of Macedonia, was Dinocrates, and a very ambitious one, too. To him nothing "in his line" was impossible. In fact, he belonged to what we would call the sensational school of architects. This gentleman made the daring proposition to Alexander to cut Mount Athos in the form of a statue, holding a city in one hand, and in the other a basin, into which all the waters of the mountain should empty themselves. The feasibility of this splendid scheme did not strike Alexander favorably, or he was not daring or rich enough to put it into execution. At all events, Mount Athos stands, just about as it did when Dinocrates astounded the

people of Macedonia by his sensational design. The only change made since then is, the mountain is now called Monte Santo, and is occupied by monasteries and Greek monks, who cultivate olives and vines, and are carpenters, masons, etc., leading an austere life, never permitting a woman to come near them, and living to a great age. It is not easy to tell the size of this mountain. One authority tells us it is about thirty miles in circumference, another one hundred and fifty, and another six! Such is the manner of learned folk! Imagine a modern architect proposing to cut one of our big peaks of the White, the Alleghanies, or the Rocky, into a statue. Well, we have men that *could* do it, if they would, have we not?—look at our tunnels and suspension-bridges—but the scheme would create a noise.

A different sort of sensationalist was Calanus, a celebrated Indian philosopher, who lived in the time of Alexander, and followed that great general in his Indian expedition. He was a sturdy old fellow, aged eighty-three at the time, had never patronized a doctor in his life, and could not endure the thought of being sick. In this expedition, however, old Calanus fell sick, and was so disheartened, that he ordered a funeral pile to be raised, upon which he mounted, to the astonishment of the king and his army. He commanded that the pile should be fired, which was done; and Alexander then asked him if he had any thing to say. "No: I shall meet you again in a short time!" was the response. And so this venerable philosopher expired, in the presence of the whole army. It is said that the old man's dying words were prophetic; for Alexander died, three months after, in Babylon. Imagine a modern philosopher—Emerson or Carlyle, for instance—thus getting rid of his fleshly weaknesses. We have no such sensations in our time.

What a tragedy was that committed by Marius, on account of a dream! It is the sensation of all time. This general dreamed that he could not conquer the

Cimbri, in war, unless he should sacrifice his beloved daughter to the gods. He had faith in his dream. Sweet Calpurnia was offered up; the Cimbri were overthrown by this wonderful soldier, and one hundred and forty thousand of their number slaughtered, and sixty thousand taken prisoners. Marius did nothing by halves. Sensation followed every movement. Such a sacrifice, now, by the mightiest man, for the grandest purpose, would shock the world with horror.

King Cambyses, son of Cyrus the Great, deserves a passing notice. He had a way of disposing of unjust judges, which, if generally adopted by the moderns, would have a strong effect in purifying the Bench in our larger cities. This Persian monarch was so incensed at the partial decisions of a certain judge in his kingdom that he flayed him alive, and nailed his skin to the judgment-seat, as a memento, for future occupants of the position. The king appointed his own son to succeed the flayed magistrate, and pointing to the *memento*, with warning finger, said, "Remember where you sit." It is presumed that the lesson and warning were not forgotten.

Hippomenes, the Roman archon, was none the less a sensationalist, in his manner of punishing his daughter for some wrong against him. He exposed her to be devoured by horses. A punishment which may be regarded by even hostlers and jockeys as somewhat unique. Though "all flesh is grass" in the eyes of the poet, yet it is well known that horses—modern ones, at all events—do not recognize the statement, practically or poetically. And no modern father would ever think of punishing his daughter, for any possible offense, by exposing her to be devoured by horses, or trampled by them. The ancients were ahead of us in such matters.

Zalmoxis, a slave and disciple of Pythagoras, indulged somewhat broadly in the sensational, in order to gain reputation as an orator in Getæ, where he was born. The classic biographer tells us that he concealed himself three years

in a subterraneous cave, and afterward made his countrymen believe that he was just raised from the dead. This wily plan succeeding, the Getæans flocked to hear him by thousands. The eloquence of a man who has slept three years in the grave must certainly command the enthusiasm of the populace.

Zopyrus, the ancient Persian, too, had lofty sensational conceptions. He knew how to win favor from his enemies. When Darius besieged Babylon, Zopyrus cut off his own ears and nose, and fled to the enemy, telling them that he had received such treatment from his royal master because he had advised him to raise the siege. This new (or old) style of eloquence took so well with the Babylonians that they appointed Zopyrus commander of all their forces—a reward beyond even his highest anticipations. Such forms of sensationalism have not as yet been adopted by our modern orators to replenish their depleted coffers. But it may be from the fact that few, or none, of them are acquainted with Zalmoxis and Zopyrus. Would an orator, deprived of important features of his face, fill our largest temples? We hope not.

Hegetorides, the Thracian, ought not to be slighted in our catalogue of sensationalists. It seems that strange deeds were very pleasant to the ancient populace, and the man who did any singular, out-of-the-way thing was sure to command admiration. Now, in the time of Hegetorides, Thrace was besieged by the Athenians, and there was a law forbidding any one to speak of peace. Hegetorides went to the market-place, with a rope about his neck, and boldly told his countrymen to treat him as they pleased, provided they would save his native city from the calamities which threatened it. This singularly unselfish exhibition of patriotism created the desired sensation. The Thracians were aroused, the law was abrogated, peace was restored; and Hegetorides's offense was pardoned.

Nabis, a tyrant of Sparta, was the sensationalist of his country and age, in

cruelty surpassing all others. After he had employed every possible device of torture in plundering his subjects, he made a statue in resemblance to his wife, clothed in the most magnificent apparel; and whenever any one refused to deliver up his riches to this regal robber, he led forth the statue, and introduced it to the victim in some such manner as follows: "If I have not talents enough to prevail with you, perhaps my beloved Arpega, my wife, can soften your obduracy." The rich dress of the automaton concealed a number of iron spikes, bearded points and prickles, in its bosom, and moved with springs. Being introduced to the victim, the statue embraced him in its arms, and tormented him in the most excruciating manner, till he complied with the demands of the tyrant. This Lacedæmonian scoundrel was at length defeated in battle by Philopœmen at the head of the Achæan League, and assassinated, B. C. 194.

"Sensationalism in science" was not unknown among the ancients, if we may believe all that we read on that subject. Archimedes invented machines that could lift in the air the ships-of-war of his country's enemies, and then dash them down with such violence in the water that they sunk. He also invented burning-glasses, which, placed on the shore in the sunshine, would set ships on fire in the bay before his native city, Syracuse. And were not much of the philosophy and doctrines of Pythagoras, which gave that remarkable philosopher his fame, of a sensational character? His system of the universe, in which he placed the sun in the center, and all the planets moving in elliptical orbits around it, was deemed, in his time, a mere sensation of the philosopher, a chimera; but the inquiries and experiments of later centuries have proved the incontestable truth of his wonderful system.

Of the doctrine of *metempsychosis*, or transmigration of souls, the Samian philosopher was the first who promulgated it. More strenuously to support this strange theory, he declared he recollected

the different bodies his soul had animated before that of Pythagoras, son of Mnesarchus. He remembered to have been Æthalides, the son of Mercury; to have assisted the Greeks during the Trojan war in the character of Euphorbus; to have been Hermotimus; and afterward a fisherman. These doctrines created as much wonder at that time, coming from Pythagoras, as they would now, should any wise and sensible philosopher utter them, before Englishmen or Americans, as his honest beliefs.

And shall we not speak, in this our article, of Diogenes the Cynic,—the philosopher of Sinope, remarkable for his eccentricities, and singular in his contempt for riches? This sensationalist regarded the snail's mode of life as alone worthy of imitation, and carried his habitation about with him,—walking the streets with a tub over his head, which served him as a house, an umbrella, and a place of repose. This philosopher studied the utmost rudeness of manners and dress, and became so celebrated for his idiosyncrasies, that it is said even Alexander was tempted by curiosity to visit him. "Is there any thing I can do for your gratification?" the hero is reported as having said to the sage. "Only do not stand between me and the sun!" was the gruff reply. This impertinence so pleased the monarch that he turned to his courtiers, and expressed the sentiment that, were he not Alexander, he would wish to be Diogenes. The inhabitants of Sinope raised statues to the memory of Diogenes; but what do we know of him save his singularities? Some "moral sentiments" are extant under his name; but they are thought to be apocryphal.

Enomaus, a king of Pisa, had a daughter, Hippodamia, who was very handsome, and all the neighboring lords, princes, and potentates of divers degrees, sought her hand in marriage. This queer old monarch, being of a sensational turn of mind, and withal very fond of racing, promised Hippodamia in marriage to him who should outrun him

in a chariot race, on condition that the defeated should suffer death. Thirteen ambitious suitors forfeited their lives for love of the fair maid. But finally comes Pelops, a celebrated prince, son of Tantalus, King of Phrygia. This prince having bribed Myrtilus, the charioteer of Enomaus, through his perfidy the king's neck was broken in the race, and Pelops easily accomplished the victory, married the king's daughter, and established himself on the throne of Pisa. When Myrtilus claimed the reward of his treachery, Pelops had him tossed headlong into the sea. This distinguished prince received divine honors after death, and was as much revered above all other heroes of Greece as Jupiter was above the gods.

Arbiter Petronius, a favorite of the Emperor Nero, and associate with him in all his pleasures, was accused by Ligellinus, also one of Nero's favorites—but jealous of Petronius—of conspiring against the emperor's life. The accusation being credited, Petronius determined to avoid punishment by a voluntary death. This was performed in a manner altogether sensational, A. D. 66. Petronius ordered his veins to be opened; but not desiring to hasten his departure, he had them closed at intervals, and again opened, that his death might be more remarkable than that of any recorded in history or tradition. In order that his death might be as trifling and voluptuous as his life, he whiled away the time in light conversation, listening to amusing stories and epigrams, and to the singing of love verses, surrounding himself with music and dancing, capriciously setting some of his slaves at liberty, and punishing others with many stripes. In this wanton manner he passed his last hours, till nature could endure no more, and the impious fool expired.

One can not help thinking of the "laughing philosopher" and the "weeping philosopher" as sensationalists. One of these was perpetually laughing, and the other perpetually weeping, at the follies and vices of mankind. These

singular old ninnies were named respectively, the former Democritus and the latter Heraclitus; and a pretty pair, they were, to be sure! The weeping gentleman lived first, and was the topic of considerable gossip in his time. The laughing sensationalist lived some two hundred years after the crying one, and acted so ridiculously as to be pronounced insane; which brought forth the sage remark from one of his admirers, that it was not Democritus who was mad, but the rest of mankind. The laughing philosopher laughed at his fellow-men in such a healthy way as to live to the age of one hundred and nine years; and the weeping philosopher, it is currently rumored, was torn to pieces by dogs. Do n't draw a moral.

It would not be right to close our notice of the ancient sensationalists, without mentioning the Emperor Heliogabalus, who was invested with the imperial robes at the age of fourteen. This prince raised his horse to the consulship, and compelled his people to pay homage to the god Heliogabalus, which was a large black stone, shaped like a cone. His licentiousness, gluttony, and extravagance were beyond belief. The guests of his table he fed upon the most expensive dishes; and made to them presents

of living animals of the same species with those he served them up to eat. He insisted upon their carrying away the vases or cups of gold, silver, and precious stones, out of which they had drank at table; and supplied each with new ones every time they drank. He always had his fish, however distant from the sea, served up in sea-water. The only merit of his dishes was their sensational costliness; as, for example, a dish composed of the brains of five hundred peacocks, or the tongues of five hundred nightingales. The course of life, however, pursued by this prince of madmen, disgusted his subjects, it seems, and he was slain in the eighteenth year of his age, after a reign of nearly four years. His cruelties, it is said, were as conspicuous as his extravagance and licentiousness.

These are but a few samples of classic sensationalists. History is rich with them. In every age, from that of the giants to this of invention, the people of the world have desired excitement, and have in all climes found men of genius and ambition to gratify the appetite. If a history of the sensations of the world were written, it would make a very large book, and a readable one, too, as the topic is popular. JAS. PUMMILL.

FROM LONDON TO BREMEN.

ON the darkest, drizzliest, dreariest night of the season, X. and I indulged in the luxury of a shilling cab, and took a last, damp look at London.

By the way, what a glorious institution is the London cab! You have only to step out of your door, in any part of the city, and there they are waiting for you,—a dozen to choose from. You sink back in the easy cushions, and look out from the glass front, with no big burly Jehu before you to obstruct the view. His

seat is at the back, high above you; and if it were not for occasional glimpses of the lines, reaching from the top of the cab to the horses' necks, you might think you were without such an appendage as a driver. And all this for sixpence a mile.

But there is one drawback to these cabs. The company have not yet sufficient consideration for the feelings of others to refrain from painting the comfortable little vehicles the brightest possible

yellow, and numbering them with great startling white figures. No sooner do you settle yourself comfortably in your seat, and look out upon the crowd of pedestrians with all the complacency of a "bloated aristocrat," than a glimpse of the vivid coloring of your coach, or of the huge figures, reminds you that you are only an impostor; and you sink back into your former insignificance, conscious that the world knows, as well as you, that you own only a shilling's worth of the conveyance.

These were not our reflections, however, on the evening mentioned. We were on our way to St. Catherine's Dock, where we were to take a German steamer for Bremen. Through one long street after another we drove, and finally, after passing the end of London Bridge, turned into a narrow lane where the warehouses seemed to reach the sky,—really the only tall houses we had seen in London.

The Billingsgate fish-market soon after came in view, or, rather, we drove under the eaves of it; but the interest had departed an hour before, with the fish and the fish people; and nothing remained but a yard full of brick columns, supporting the roof of this famous head-quarter for the fish-mongers of London. The cab rattled on past more high warehouses, until we reached the Tower, that strange combination of old walls and new turrets of every height and proportion, with red-coated sentinels sprinkled judiciously over all the most observable points of the exterior.

But Iron-gate stair is below the Tower; so round it we go, along the bank of the broad old moat, which used to be full of Thames water, they say, but is dry enough now. After driving around three sides of the Tower, we found the Iron-gate stair, but no steamer; that was lying out in the middle of the river, a quarter of a mile below. But here were the boatmen and porters, who had "been here twenty years," of course, and all wore brass-lettered assurances on their caps that they were duly licensed.

We chose a row-boat that was old and
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ugly enough to have belonged to "Rogue Riderhood;" but the boatman was a robust young Englishman, and privately requested us to add sixpence to the fare to "buy a little drop o' something" for himself.

Making our way through the perfect jam of every kind of craft, with which the Thames is filled, we at last drew up to the naked side of a dark old hulk which was quietly lying at anchor. But how were we to get on board?

Would they draw us up with a pulley, or let us in at a port-hole? As we gazed in perplexity at the forbidding black wall which rose so high above us, a long flight of stairs was pushed out over the railing of the deck, and, while one end was fastened to the side of the ship, the other was lowered to the water by a rope. Our horror increased at the thought of climbing such a dizzy ladder; but a sailor came down the steps with an armful of iron rods, which he proceeded to set up along the outside of the stairs; while another passed a rope through the holes in the top of the standards, and so made a hand-rail, by the aid of which we ascended to a very delightful little deck.

We were the first on board, and, after depositing our baggage in our state-room, spent the evening in watching the other passengers feel their way up that very scary ladder. First, came a timid little Frenchman, who could speak not a word of German, and not more than two sentences of English. Next, a pompous, white-haired old gentleman and his wife "from Boston," who lived, as we afterward learned, in Vermont. The next arrivals were an elderly London sugar merchant and his wife, who, with their mixture of conceit, ignorance, and kind-heartedness, were the best types of the "common people" of England that I had ever seen, outside of the pages of Dickens and Thackeray. During the course of the evening, I overheard them making earnest inquiries of the Boston-Vermonters with regard to the United States, especially as to whether Ohio and Boston were both included, and, being

satisfied on that point, whether they were both in the same State.

At last, when it had grown too dark to distinguish the black ladder, two men with a dog came stumbling up the steps. They were Englishmen, and must certainly have been born within sound of the bells of "St. Mary le Bow" church, for they exactly filled the idea of a cockney.

This was the last addition to our party, and it seemed to be a valuable one.

Before the new-comers had been five minutes on board, we learned from their conversation that they were experienced travelers, who had literally "seen the world," not even excepting the United States. They spoke as familiarly of the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, as of Egypt and the Nile; and mentioned in the same breath the Yosemite Valley, the Holy Land, and the Chinese Empire. They addressed their remarks chiefly to each other, but in a tone which betrayed a philanthropic desire to edify the rest of the passengers. As the conversation continued, and they proceeded to discuss learnedly the different points of interest in Italy and France, I began to wonder if the "Wandering Jew" had been metamorphosed into an Englishman, and there had been enough of him to make two. But a chance remark, which one of them dropped, concerning the opium steamers and Calcutta, solved the problem, to my great satisfaction. They had been in the East-India service, had gone by way of America and China, and returned through Egypt and Palestine.

In the morning, all were on deck at an early hour, to see the shores of the old Thames move by, as our steamer started for the German Ocean. "Old Thames" seemed just the right word; every thing along the banks looked old and ugly until we had passed the last building of the city. After Greenwich, and the white dome of its famous observatory, had faded out of sight, the river commenced growing wider and wider, and the banks lower, with fewer objects of interest. But that made little difference, for we

began to hunt the cabin, to shelter us from the wind and rain, which were now coming in the most disagreeable style.

It is hard to tell where the Thames ends and the ocean begins; but if this was still the Thames, it was, nevertheless, rough enough for the Atlantic; and we soon realized that this was not one of our staid old Atlantic steamers, but something much smaller and more frisky; for it pitched and plunged with three times the violence.

A mistake is a mistake, and is, moreover, a calamity to which any one of us is liable at any moment; and I, for one, when I have made an irretrievable blunder, do not shrink from acknowledging it, especially if I can thus serve as a warning to my fellow-men.

But, as Benjamin Franklin and Hawthorne, and a number of other wise men, have discovered, we never profit by the mistakes of others. "Nobody will use other people's experience, nor has any of his own until it is too late to use it." Yet, at the risk of wasting words, I feel constrained to lift up my voice in solemn warning to those who meditate a voyage on the German Ocean. This is a piece of gratuitous advice, which the Bremen Lloyd Dampfschiffe Co. might sneer at, if they should ever chance to see it, but, after uttering it, I feel myself relieved of a duty which I owed to humanity.

Why we chose to go by way of Bremen, when any other route would have been shorter, more comfortable, and less expensive, is hard to tell. We were seized one morning by a wild fancy that we were staying too long in dear, delightful London, and that we must break away immediately from all its fascinations. We picked up the *Times*, which was lying on our breakfast-table, and our unlucky eyes fell upon the announcement that the *Rhea* would sail for Bremen on the following morning, before day-break,—passengers must come on board this evening. This was our opportunity for tearing ourselves away at once, before we had time to change our minds. The trip would be made in two days, just

time enough for a good rest, after such a siege of fatiguing sight-seeing. Of course, after crossing the Atlantic, we felt proof against seasickness; but how were we to know that there would be a storm for our especial benefit?

Seasickness is a feeling too deep for utterance; I will not attempt to describe it. Suffice it to say, it drove me up-stairs again in less than an hour after the storm began. I made my way over the wet, slippery, uncovered deck to a wooden bench, where I stationed myself.

The stewardess, the sailors, and the captain, all looked pityingly at my woe-begone countenance, and each one tried to make me more comfortable. By the aid of their united efforts, I was soon established on the bench, with three heavy blankets rolled so tightly around me that I could only move with difficulty. Under my feet was a foot cushion, over them the pilot's shaggy overcoat, and over all the rest the kind captain spread his rubber cloak. Add the umbrella, which I tried to keep over my head when I was not employed in holding fast to the railing, and you have a picture for an artist. There I sat and moaned for hours, and the only thing that varied the monotony was the compassionate "*Wie geht's*" of the sailors, as they passed back and forth at their work. After a while, the Englishman came, and, with the most provoking unconsciousness of my presence, tied his dog to the bench, because it kept up such a barking in the cabin. But soon the storm increased; the wind blew my umbrella away; my conscience would not suffer me to keep the captain's rubber cloak any longer, and finally the pilot left the boat, and had to take his overcoat.

I said to myself, "The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death," and, yielding to the situation, again sought refuge in the cabin below.

All that day, I lay on a sofa in the cabin, and listened to the two East-India men relating their brilliant adventures in America. One, at a certain place in California, had asked for a boot-black.

A man came who wore a splendid velvet coat, smoked a fifty-cent cigar, and charged him a dollar for his services. Both had been unmercifully fleeced in sundry parts of our land, according to their own confession, and no American on board was at all disposed to doubt it.

By afternoon of the next day, the storm had disappeared, as if by magic, and every body rushed on deck to get the first glimpse of *Deutsch-land*. At first, the tops of the light-houses were the only indication of a coast; for there is not, in the whole region, a sand-hill ten yards high, to serve as a landmark. Next, came long, low arms of sandy beach, which stretch away for miles on each side, until they finally converge to what looks like the mouth of a bay or river. And such it proved to be, as the boat came nearer.

The entrance to the river is protected by several fortifications, which rise out of the water like high banks of mud, or stand on the shore of the main-land with their numerous outposts sprinkled around them, like a village of green ant-hills. What a pity that the day is past for those artistic stone fortresses with huge black guns peering over their useless sides!

These hummocks of sand and mud, which raise their homely fronts on every available point of land, give not the slightest glimpse of any thing that looks like defense, or even a clever taste for the picturesque. But they tell me that down behind those hummocks lie long rows of the latest castings from Crump's famous steel foundry in Westphalia.

After we found ourselves between the protecting banks of the *Weser*, and were moving quietly past the lazy windmills and low queer farm-houses of Germany, we learned, for the first time, that a ticket to Bremen takes you only to Bremen haven, while Bremen itself is thirty miles away.

The captain explained to us that our boat "drew too much water" to go clear up to the city. I suppose most well-informed people understand that phrase. I do not.

Some were disposed to grumble a little, but I had no complaints to make. I was satisfied with the water, and was ready, with old Gonzalo, to "exchange a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren land." In the fervor of my disgust and rage at Neptune, I would willingly have been cast on the most exposed peak of "Greenland's icy mountains" for the sake of a firm foothold.

Instead of being met by a horrid little steam-tug," as at Liverpool, the boat moved directly up to what looked like a freshly scrubbed white pine floor. We could not believe such a clean, quiet place to be a landing; but when the sailors began to tie up to the pier, we took the captain's word, and looked for our baggage. Our trunks were soon landed, and we found ourselves stepping from the dirty boat to the clean white floor, which proved to be sand instead of pine.

My first sensation on reaching *terra firma* was not of loneliness at finding myself in a foreign country, but only a feeling of thankfulness at being able to renew my acquaintance with mother earth. It was five o'clock in the evening, and the town was one of the most quiet and peaceful I had ever seen. Not a human being in sight, and the houses looked as if they were only put in to complete the picture.

But after we had expressed, to the fullest extent, our admiration for the peacefulness of the place, we began to realize that we were still thirty miles from Bremen. The captain affably gave us all the information he could; namely, that we could go on to Bremen in an hour and a half by rail, or continue our journey the next morning in a boat that would "draw less water."

Staying over night in that little town was not to be thought of for a moment. It was very quiet, to be sure, but quiet was not exactly what we were in search of. We would go by rail,—but where was the depot?

"Just a mile away, on the other side of the town," said the fatherly captain.

Here we all were, in an ornamental

park, with fifteen or twenty trunks, the depot a mile away, and not a porter in sight. The quietness of this village began to pall upon the taste. We would rather have fallen upon a place that was inhabited.

Just at this moment a man appeared, in a blue blouse and a leather belt, with the word "Dienstman" on his cap in startling brass letters. He would take the trunks. But how? Not on his back, surely? No: he would bring another man. After a long half-hour, the man returned, followed by another blue-bloused fellow, with the most curious vehicle that could well be imagined. It was long and high and narrow, and looked more like an enormous coal-bin than a wagon; to this monstrous affair one poor little scrawny horse, that was perhaps one-eighth as large as the wagon, was fastened, by traces of tow string. It was preposterous to think of that one animal drawing such a load of trunks; but the "Dienstmen" insisted that it could be done.

Then such a muss as we all got into!—the captain, the porters, and the passengers,—and what we were all quarreling about I know no more than you.

At this point the London sugar merchant and his wife proved a godsend. Though they had never seen Germany, they were of German parentage, and spoke that language as fluently as English. An especial convenience was, that the gentleman spoke "Low Dutch" and the lady High, so that there was no difficulty in making every one understand. By their aid we succeeded in getting the trunks started; and, from this time forth, it was wonderful to see the respect with which this pair were treated, on account of their having the gift of tongues. The little Frenchman clung to them like a shadow; X and I followed in their wake; behind us dignified Boston and lady; and, strange to say, the two East Indiamen, though possessed of such a varied experience in traveling, were quite content meekly to bring up the rear.

In this order we took up our march to the depot. The captain directed us to a shorter route than the wagon had taken, and, as one half-hour of the time was already gone, we rushed at our utmost speed. Arrived at the depot, we commissioned our linguists to inquire about the train. Committee soon returned, and reported that we were just in time. The train would leave in half an hour, and there was time enough for the custom-house officers to examine our trunks. But, by the way, where *were* the trunks? They were not yet in sight. Ten minutes passed. Then we appointed two committees, one to watch for the trunks and one to keep eyes on the train.

At length one of the gentlemen grew impatient, and started in search of the "Dienstmen." We imagined all sorts of dire calamities that might have befallen our property, but the prevailing opinion seemed to be that those tow traces had broken. The party within reported that the custom-house officers had closed up, and would examine no more trunks till morning. Hope did not quite forsake us. But at last they rushed out with the information that the train was just moving away. Still no trunks.

After ten or fifteen minutes,—spent by us in sound abuse of the *Rhea*, the steamship company, the captain, and the town,—our baggage came rattling up the road, more briskly than one would have thought possible for such an emaciated horse, while in front marched our Boston friend, puffing from fatigue, and eagerly examining his German phrase-book, in a vain search for expletives to lavish on the stolid-looking drivers.

He had found them in another part of the town, in the act of unloading our trunks at the door of a hotel. How we longed for enough knowledge of German to express our opinion freely, especially when the drivers insisted that they had only obeyed the captain's orders, that he had told them distinctly to stop at that hotel! There was plainly a conspiracy, somewhere, to keep us in that town over night; but whether between

the captain and his native village, or between the drivers and the hotel-keeper, we were unable to decide. At any rate, there was no help for it. We were forced to acknowledge that we were outwitted, and make the best of it.

The only thing remaining to us was to try a German hotel. We had been too much occupied by other matters to have any anticipations on this subject. A friendly looking host stood in the door, and, while thinking what a rest it would be to do nothing, since we could no nothing else, we were ushered into a long room with bare pine floors, a decided odor of tobacco smoke, a dozen or so of little plain wooden tables, adorned here and there with a beer-glass.

We glanced inquiringly at each other and at the host, thinking he was by mistake taking us to the "bar" of the establishment. But we soon learned that this was the only parlor the house boasted, and have since found it to be a correct sample of German hotels. With the exception of a few grand ones in the large cities, they are all of this type; the only difference being that the smoke, the tables, and the beer-glasses increase with the size of the hotel.

Later in the evening, we were forcibly reminded that sleep is indeed the image of death in this country. Each of us was given a bed about the size of the one we expect to occupy when we are laid to rest for the last time, and we were buried—not figuratively speaking—deep down under an enormous load of feathers. Between this load on our bodies and the load on our minds, we had no difficulty in getting rid of "tired nature's sweet restorer" in time to take the morning train for Bremen. Our only further adventure was a loss of temper, when we learned that the rascally captain had landed us in an ornamental park, in the extreme suburbs of the town, where no boat was ever known to land before; while the real landing was close to the depot, where we would have found cabs and porters and bustle in abundance.

MAY ALDEN WARD.

LOVE AND LABOR.

WE die not all: for our deeds remain
 To crown with honor, or mar with stain;
 Through endless sequence of years to come
 Our lives shall speak, when our lips are dumb.

What though we perish, unknown to fame,
 Our tomb forgotten, and lost our name,
 Since naught is wasted in heaven or earth,
 And nothing dies to which God gives birth.

Though life be joyless, and death be cold,
 And pleasures pall as the world grows old,
 Yet God has granted our hearts relief,
 For Love and Labor can conquer grief.

Love sheds a light on the gloomy way,
 And Labor hurries the weary day:
 Though death be fearful, and life be hard,
 Yet Love and Labor shall win reward.

If Love can dry up a single tear,
 If life-long Labor avail to clear
 A single web from before the true,
 Then Love and Labor have won their due.

What though we mourn, we can comfort pain;
 What if we die, so the truth be plain:
 A little spark from a high desire
 Shall kindle others, and grow a fire.

We are not worthy to work the whole;
 We have no strength which may save a soul;
 Enough for us if our life begin
 Successful struggle with grief and sin.

Labor is mortal, and fades away,
 But Love shall triumph in perfect day;
 Labor may wither beneath the sod,
 But Love lives ever, for Love is God.

IN EXILE.

THE sea at the crag's base brightens,
 And shivers in waves of gold;
 And overhead, in its vastness,
 The fathomless blue is rolled.
 There comes no wind from the water,
 There shines no sail on the main,
 And not a cloudlet to shadow
 The earth with its fleecy grain.
 O, give in return for this glory,
 So passionate, warm, and still,
 The mist of a Highland valley—
 The breeze from a Scottish hill.

Day after day glides slowly,
 Ever and ever the same;
 Seas of intensest splendor,
 Airs which smite hot as flame.
 Birds of imperial plumage,
 Palms straight as columns of fire,
 Flutter and glitter around me;
 But not so my soul's desire.
 I long for the song of the laverock,
 The cataract's leap and flash,
 The sweep of the red deer's antlers,
 The gleam of the mountain ash.

Only when night's quiescent,
 And peopled with alien stars,
 Old faces come to the casement,
 And peer through the vine-leaved bars.
 No words! but I guess their fancies;
 Their dreamings are also mine—
 Of the land of the cloud and heather—
 The region of Auld Lang Syne.
 Again we are treading the mountains,
 Below us broadens the firth,
 And billows of light keep rolling
 Down leagues of empurpled heath.

Speed swift through the glowing tropics,
 Stout ship, which shall bear me home;
 O pass, as a God-sent arrow,
 Through tempest, darkness, and foam.
 Bear up through the silent girdle
 That circles the flying earth,
 Till there shall blaze on thy compass
 The loadstar over the North;
 That the winds of the hills may greet us,
 That our footsteps again may be
 In the land of our heart's traditions,
 And close to the storied sea.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

AMONG other lessons learned by the French in their humiliation, during their disastrous war with the Germans, was the very important one to pay more attention in future to the thorough and thoughtful education of their youth and children. For the former, the famous Guizot wrote a History of France, intended to teach them something besides glory and boasting, and to let them know that their country had made numerous and sad mistakes during its career. And now some of the best poets, romancers, and scholars are turning their attention to the molding and training of the world of childhood. Three men are specially distinguishing themselves in this way,—Macé, Verne, and Stahl. The first has written a charming story of a mouthful of bread, which he traces in simple and attractive language all through the process of digestion and support of the human system. Jules Verne is a genius in imaginary expeditions, while Stahl makes his travels tell a familiar moral. In this way this trio has succeeded in a short time in laying the foundation for a literature of childhood that bids fair to compete with the best of the German school, hitherto unrivaled. They have successfully rounded the double cape of constraint in narration, which would tire the young reader, and the too simple and childish form, which soon cloy and disgusts; and have attained an extremely successful style, which still admirably conveys and comports with scientific information.

These works bid fair to make quite a change in French family life of the better classes, where the children seldom meet with the family circle except at the table, and not even always here; being at all other times given up to their nurses, and, so far

as their education is concerned, allowed to grow for years in a hap-hazard way. Heart and head are now to be molded and guided with more system, that a proper foundation may be laid in the earliest years. The publishing house of Hetzel in Paris is almost entirely devoted to this class of works, and their illustrated magazine for children has lately received the great honor of being crowned by the French Academy. Some of these works seem almost like a revelation in their ingenious and simple manner of conveying scientific information. Architecture is thus taught in the "History of a House," by Viollet le Duc; while Grimord relates the "History of the Plant," with the same success. They converse in a language so wonderfully clear that boys and girls who have not the least familiarity with technical terms may nevertheless acquire a thorough popular knowledge of the subject. And even more than this is gained, for adults read these works with equal interest; for the style of some of them is far more attractive than that of the modern romance. Stahl very justly says that we are all children in the presence of things which we do not understand. Scientific exactness in execution, and perfection in narrative, may turn quite abstruse matters into works of art, especially when supplemented with fine illustrations. The "History of a Fortress" is an outline of military science, given in connection with the history of one of the most famous fortresses of France, from the time of the Roman invasion down to the wars with the Franks; treating not only of the construction of a fort, but of the whole history of weapons of war, of the first application of artillery as a means of defense, and of the wonderful increase of power of all deadly missiles now

sent by the force of powder. The last pages of the book bring the story down even to the capitulation of Paris in the late war, when seven hundred soldiers, of various arms, marched out of its gates. And the whole closes with a moral which is a phenomenon in French historical works: "War secures lasting greatness only to the best educated, the most capable, noble, and worthy. Today, more than ever, success in war is the result of intelligence, and that which intelligence produces, namely, labor." Every well-wisher of his race may indeed take a pleasure and an interest in this new field of labor for French *savants*, and congratulate the nation at having learned such useful lessons, and struck into such new and desirable paths. And the victory is even now gained; for when works of this nature receive the sanction and the crown of the French Academy, the eyes of the nation will be turned toward them so generally that they will soon become common property.

It is but fair to admit that the King of Dahomey has no very good reputation among African chiefs, but we are quite inclined to believe that, like a good many other rulers, he is better than his fame. He has recently done so cunning a thing to an English scientist that we are forced to give him due credit for it. Said gentleman made a special visit to the coast of Africa with a view of enriching his collection of insects,—a portion of animated nature to which he is devoting his life. The war with the Ashantees drove him into the interior, where he found his hopes of collecting insects not very flattering. And this not because the insects were scarce, for they abound; but rather because his ebony-colored majesty did not care to let his rare visitor go. King Gelele of Dahomey cherishes great love and respect for all white men, with the single exception of traders, whom he keeps at a respectful distance, because perhaps of fear that they may penetrate too deeply into the mysteries of his realm. His prime minister, knowing this weakness of his master, enticed the English scholar to the court of Dahomey, with the assurance that he need not stay more than a week, and would be well treated. But the Englishman was doomed to learn to his sorrow the value of

the promises of an African premier. The king was so delighted at the arrival of a learned white man that he took exclusive possession of him; was so anxious about his health in an African climate that he kept him in close confinement, in which he wanted for no comfort that the land afforded; but which became very burdensome to him, and so much the more so as it extended from one week to the other until his too hospitable host had detained him fully eight months. Now, if during this period he could have pursued his favorite occupation of studying the ways and gathering specimens of the insect world, there would have been at least some compensation; but not the least mention was made of his ruling passion. The king had a more important object in his head than bugs and butterflies. He declared very frankly that missionaries and travelers had spread so many false reports about himself and his kingdom that it was a matter of greater import to him that this celebrated scholar should stay awhile with him, and convince himself with his own eyes regarding the ruling customs of Dahomey, than that he should take away a rich booty of butterflies and insects. So the Englishman had nothing to do but submit to this ingenuous idea of the king, and study the manners of Dahomey. This very wise thing he resolved to do, as he could do nothing else; and thus the world is just now the richer by a book on the Kingdom of Dahomey, by S. Kertchly, the English entomologist. The writer draws no very flattering picture of his hospitable jailer, although he grants that said king in many regards has been basely libeled, and that he is by no means the savage wretch that he is so often depicted. The volume is quite rare and new in its contents, and doubtless more interesting to the world at large than if devoted to bugs and gaudy insects.

THE complications that surround the social institutions in Germany are nowhere more striking to the American than in the matter of marriage, the laws and customs of which are nothing short of a curiosity to us and a tyranny to them. In this regard the entire community seemed to be in the hands of the clergy, Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish, as the case might be; and we have

known marriages delayed for years because the parties were of different nationalities or religions, and could not give the satisfactory guarantees regarding the education of the children, and especially their Church relations. In the case of mixed marriages,—that is, Protestants and Catholics,—if allowed at all by the Catholic Church, it was always coupled with the tyrannical proviso that the children must be brought up in the Catholic Church. Then again in the matter of divorce, this Church always claims to be higher than the civil power, and ignores the decrees of the latter, except by special dispensation, to be procured only with great trouble and expense. Therefore the efforts of late in the German Parliament to make marriage primarily and necessarily the matter of the State in all instances, allowing the parties to accept as much from the Church as suited them. This, then, is the famous civil marriage law, now causing so much excitement throughout the land. It proclaims independence of the power of the Church and of the priesthood, and strikes the latter between the very joints of the armor. The law regulates the age required of the parties, and the dependence on the will of parents or guardians, without which, to a certain degree, even now, marriages may not be consummated. The State takes the matter of divorce into its own hands, and makes very stringent laws regarding it, but does not permit the Church to meddle with nor contravene it, as formerly. The new laws have been in operation but a few months, and the results are already very marked. There is an astonishing decrease of applications to the Church to solemnize these sacraments, showing that it was compulsion in a large number of cases that led the people to the Church. This fact leads the clergy to decry the laws, and declare that they ought to be repealed because the people are abandoning the Church in these matters so largely. To which the reply is made in several quarters, that if the clergy wish to secure ecclesiastical marriage, they must do it by love, and not fear. The German clergy of all classes have been the masters, rather than the servants, of their congregations, and have ruled in sternness, rather than by sympathy and attractive power. This is largely the result of the

Church and State system, which places a man above his people and so entirely independent of them, that he is too often induced to consult his own will rather than their good. The result will be a new race of theologians among the rising generation of ministers, who will be likely to be more amiable and Christ-like.

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In the present struggles of Protestantism in the Catholic countries of Europe, there is no land where the question ought more to interest us than in France. We all know how much the true faith has been persecuted in that land, for who is not familiar with the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the sad history of the expelled Huguenots? The Reformation, which made such rapid progress in Germany, obtained but a weak footing in frivolous and irreligious France, and the Catholic Church remained nearly always sufficiently strong there to crush out all opposition. The result was a very checkered history, of little but persecutions of a greater or less intensity. Sometimes the Protestant Church would be let alone on condition of worshiping secretly, in forests or caves, and again it would be allowed to exist in quiet in certain centers of population where it was specially strong. Not until it was strong enough to hold in some instances a species of balance of power in the State was it regarded by the latter in such measures as the Edict of Nantes. But all through its history, where it was allowed at all, it was rather tolerated than sustained, until the days of the great Revolution, when all the oppressed ones of many generations put in a claim for relief, and the Protestant Church among the rest. The Napoleons found it to their interest to protect it in some measure, and thus it finally obtained recognition and support by the State, as did even the Israelites of France, so that at present it may be said that France sustains three Church creeds. But this is done more with a view to lay claim to equality in the confessions and liberality toward all than from any fixed conviction on the part of the Government or people. The result has been, on the part of the authorities, the support of any Churches that could obtain entrance to the category of Protestant Churches, without caring for any other fact than that

the name. This has led to great degeneration on the part of many congregations that are Protestant Churches in nothing but name, being so liberal in creed as to be nothing more than the most liberal Unitarians among ourselves, denying the divinity of Christ and all the attributes of God most distinctive to the Protestant Church, and especially the Calvinistic branch of France. Just now there is a great effort being made to purify and elevate this Church by purging it of this foreign growth; and the Government is inclined to favor the

orthodox Protestants instead of the advanced liberals, since at a recent synod, the first for centuries, the pure in heart succeeded in establishing a creed in accordance with the Scriptures as the confession of faith of the French Reformed Church. The elections for consistories are hereafter to be made only on subscription to this creed, as the others are considered apostates. But this will nearly wipe out some of the Churches, which now appeal to the Government to let them run their own establishments with their own views, but with State support.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME

—THE annual meeting of the North-western Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in Milwaukee during the month of March. A paper on "Our Missions in India," read by Mrs. Steele, showed that the Woman's Missionary Society, in the six years of labor in India since its organization, has sent ten missionaries to that country, has opened day and Sunday-schools, and through our orphanage and medical school at Bareilly, as well as the boarding-schools at other stations, has put its molding hand on many of the daughters of India. "We have found, through these noble girls who have been sent out, the golden key to the long closed zenanas, until the motherhood of that dark land is also being touched by the Gospel of Christ." Mrs. I. R. Hitt, with the title of "Our Missionary Girls," gave brief sketches of the twenty-three young women sent out to India. A resolution was adopted recommending that at all district camp-meetings held the ensuing season, within the bounds of the Branch, a special missionary service be held, and a collection be taken for the benefit of the medical fund. The necessity for such action lies in the fact that Miss Julia Sparr, of Muncie, Indiana, has offered herself for this department of work, and the Branch desires to have her go. From the report of the Corresponding Secretary, read Monday afternoon, it appears that there are five

hundred and fifty auxiliaries and thirteen thousand members in the North-western Branch. The report, however, of the Treasurer, Mrs. Queal, showed a falling off in the receipts of nearly three thousand dollars. Mrs. Hitt, State Secretary for Illinois, Miss Sample for Indiana, Mrs. Steele for Wisconsin, and Miss Rulison for Michigan, reported good, faithful work in all the States. The organization of district associations has been a feature of the work for the past few months, and the most convincing testimony was given of their importance in building up weak societies, organizing new ones, and bringing out the consecrated talent of our women. On Monday evening, a very large and enthusiastic temperance mass-meeting was addressed by Mrs. Marshall, Miss Rulison, and Mrs. Lathrop. On Tuesday morning the election of officers took place, installing Mrs. Governor Beveridge, President; Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. R. F. Queal, Treasurer. A letter was read from Mexico, urgently asking for support for another teacher.

—Miss Jennie Tinsley, one of the missionaries sent out by the North-west Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to India, has been compelled to take a brief respite from her labors in consequence of an attack of fever. Miss Tinsley is one of the most successful and devoted of the ladies

laboring under the auspices of the Woman's Board in India, and, no doubt, her incessant toil, in conjunction with the climate, has caused a temporary prostration.

— At the annual meeting of the Cincinnati Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Mrs. Bishop Clark occupied the chair. Bishop Foster pointed out the fact that two-thirds of the Christianity of the world dwelt in the heart of woman; hence it was eminently proper that woman should have a more direct interest in the work of evangelizing the world. The receipts of the Society, including balance on hand from last year, was reported as \$14,633.54; disbursements, \$10,014.44. The method of raising money is, theoretically, to tax every Methodist woman two cents a week, or one dollar a year, to carry on the work. The receipts, though encouragingly large, show that, practically, only about ten thousand of the one hundred thousand women within the limits of the Society pay their tax. During the proceedings of the meeting a draft for \$500 was received from Miss Minerva C. Evans, of Circleville. The Society is also the recipient of a legacy of \$1,000 from a gentleman in Lockland. In this connection it may be stated that Mrs. Horace Wilkins, of Cleveland, has contributed to the cause for three years at the rate of one dollar a day. Mrs. Agnes Johnson, of Zanesville, made a pointed and forcible speech in reference to the medical education of women destined for missionary labor. Mrs. Johnson is herself a physician. Miss Nettie C. Gordon, who is soon to sail for Mexico to begin missionary work there, was introduced to the Society.

— Miss Mason, medical missionary to China, writes: "On the night of November 21st I arrived in Kiukiang; this is my home for years. It is beautifully situated. All around are lovely drives and walks, and away nine miles to the south stretches a line of mountains five thousand feet high. Nature has done much for this land; 'only man is vile.' My heart yearns for these poor, degraded, filthy people. They are anxious and longing for medical aid, and were I to enter practice now, I should very soon have all and more than I could do; but, taking the advice of friends here, I

shall not open a dispensary until I have gained some knowledge of the language. I have several cases every day, but I refuse all that I can. I am longing to help this suffering people, and it seems hard to be bound out from them by an ignorance of their tongue."

— A Ladies' Missionary Aid Society has been formed in connection with the Reformed Episcopal Church.

— Misses Colburn and Burnett, two devoted Christian ladies, who labored last year on the Round Valley Indian Reservation, sailed from San Francisco, April 1, *en route* for Peking, China, as missionaries. They are sent out by the Women's Missionary Union, and will labor in connection with a mission already established, devoting themselves wholly to the work among women and children.

— At a recent meeting of the Presbyterian Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, the Treasurer, in connection with her monthly report, presented an exhibit of the work of the Society since its organization in October, 1870. At the first annual meeting, held in April, 1871, the Treasurer's report showed the receipts of the Society to have been:

For the previous six months.....	\$5,274 21
For the second year, ending April, 1872....	18,563 31
For the third year, ending April, 1873.....	51,175 50
For the fourth year, ending April, 1874....	60,050 00
For the current year, to February 1, 1875	32,784 27
Total.....	\$167,850 29

— The Woman's Christian Association of Cincinnati is an institution established by the ladies of this city to encourage and assist young women and girls of the industrial classes who are endeavoring to work their own way in the world. A boarding-house is located at No. 100 Broadway, and here girls are offered board and rooms at exceedingly low rates, and afforded all the facilities of a quiet, well-furnished home. One hundred and sixty-two young ladies have boarded at the house during the past year.

— A very interesting and successful mission has been carried on for some years among the Ojibbeway Indians by the Canada Congregational Missionary Society. The principal mission stations are French Bay, on the Saugeen Reserve, Sidney Bay, Sheshegwaning, and Spanish River, where

Miss Baylis, of Montreal, has spent four Summers, doing, unassisted, among the Indians and whites of the whole settlement, the work of both teacher and pastor. She has met with great success in her efforts to enlighten the benighted understandings of the people, and the children flock eagerly to her school.

—Eight Chinese women were baptized at the mission building on Washington Street, San Francisco, March 23d.

—The net result of the recent fair in Philadelphia, in aid of the Presbyterian Home for Widows and Single Women, was \$21,000.

—It is well known that the United Presbyterians of this country are sustaining missions in Upper Egypt. In the city of Cairo they have established a boarding and day school for girls.

—Two hundred and seventy garments have been distributed, during the last quarter, to the needy in Cincinnati, by the Ladies Home Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

—The Young Women's Christian Association of Boston received the past year \$55,763, including a loan of \$35,000. The amount of \$48,686 has been paid on the Home, and the expense of carrying it on has been \$11,288.

—Mrs. Oswald Ottendorfer, of New York, has appropriated \$100,000 for the establishment of "a home for aged and infirm persons of Evangelical Lutheran persuasion." It is contemplated to start the institution in the city of New York, but eventually remove it to some desirable locality in the suburbs, most probably to Astoria, Long Island.

—The Institutional Mission of St. Louis was organized to secure a systematic visitation to the hospitals, asylums, and places of imprisonment in the city and county of St. Louis, for the distribution of reading-matter, and to advance the spiritual interests of the inmates of these institutions.

—In accordance with the suggestions of a letter from Mrs. Horatio Seymour, President of the Woman's Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, each of the clergymen of the city of Buffalo

will preach one sermon a year in special support of the aims of that organization.

—Rev. W. H. Boole has issued his Fourth and Fifth Reports (from December 1, 1872, to January 1, 1875) of Work of Faith in connection with the Home for Women, 273 Water Street, New York, and an effort for the salvation of the abandoned classes of New York City. They state that during the two years no want has been felt at the Home, no need left unsupplied, and that during the severe monetary crisis larger supplies were contributed than during the corresponding months of any previous year.

—The Temperance Fair held in Cincinnati during the month of April was a pleasant gathering of kindred spirits. The *Cincinnati Gazette* furnishes us the accompanying commendatory paragraphs of this latest effort of the Crusaders in their great work: "The thoughtful visitor who may have entered Greenwood Hall during the past week, and witnessed the earnestness exhibited by the numerous workers during the day, or studied the character of those who assembled there from night to night, must have been deeply impressed with the fact that he stood in the presence of many who, by their devotion to a sacred cause, had given evidence that, however bright and untroubled may be their own lives, they are not insensible to 'the still, sad music of humanity' which comes to us from the abodes of wretchedness and sorrow. The realization of this fact gives sublime significance to the initial effort now being put forth to unite all the force necessary to promote the temperance work. If, as Emerson says, the characteristic of heroism is its persistency, then the temperance people of Ohio, by their continued and determined effort, despite every discouragement, to suppress the whisky traffic, deserve to be classed among the truly heroic. Notwithstanding the apparent apathy which succeeded the vigorous agitation of the temperance question during the "Crusade," there remains a deep public sentiment in favor of prohibitory legislation, which seems to be steadily increasing, and must, eventually, be respected by those intrusted with legislative and executive power of the State and nation."

ART NOTES.

ÆSTHETIC TRAINING IN THEOLOGICAL SCHOOLS.

In a lecture recently delivered before the Faculty and students of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J., on "Art as an Illustrator of Christian Doctrine," Professor C. W. Bennett, of Syracuse University, made use of the following suggestive language:

"For some years I have regarded the curriculum of our theological schools very defective. We dwell largely on Exegesis. This is indispensable, since the 'Word of the Lord' must be our chiefest reliance,—our strong weapon of offense and defense. We study Ecclesiastical History; and we can hardly afford to do less in this department, which gives us an insight into the plan and progressive development of God's government. We give much time to Systematic Theology; for without doctrines the Christian system can have no frame-work or consistency. We trace the growth and transitions of Christian Dogma, else we can know little of religious tendencies, and shall be unable to judge whether the din of the war around us is only agitation, or the promise of a real progress toward the goal of the restoration of man to the image of God. In Practical Theology, we study the methods of utilizing forces to bring men nearer God, and to perfect our manhood. In this connection, sacred Rhetoric and Oratory are strongly insisted upon in all our schools. All this is indispensable. We would strengthen, rather than curtail, all these departments of theologic study. But has not one department of the man been almost absolutely ignored in our existing theological curriculum? The *æsthetic* faculty has been but very partially stimulated and directed. Art, except as connected with hymnology, is almost totally ignored. Why is this so? Neither fallacious reasoning, nor historic blunders, nor heretical doctrine, nor a low morality, can be tolerated in the alumni of our theological schools. Why, any more, should *æsthetic* contradictions and absurdities? Is it replied, that these last are of little importance? Right here we put in our solemn protest. Could I have the

arrangement of a theological curriculum, music would occupy a prominent place. No preacher should go forth from these schools, bearing the diploma of merit and qualification, without being thoroughly trained in the principles and execution of music. Sacred poetry, wedded to sacred music, has been one chief means of the Methodist Church for inspiring and firing the hearts of the membership. Sister Churches are more fully recognizing and using the power of this combination. But some most dangerous and degrading tendencies are now noticed. Through the general neglect of æsthetic training, many of our ministry have been led to introduce into our religious services the veriest doggerel, set to music that has been born of the lowest earthly desire and passion. Again, too often our choirs render words truly expressive of Christian praise and devotion by selections from operas whose sentiment and character are most vulgar and sensual. Right here it is that the preacher with better tastes, whose æsthetic nature has been cultured equally with his logical powers, should kindly and sweetly come to the help of his congregation and his Church, to educate them to a better and purer taste.

"Again, I would introduce into our theological curriculum a thorough course of church architecture. The Methodist ministry must necessarily be intimately associated with all enterprises of church and parsonage improvement. In smaller towns and in rural districts, this is indispensable. In many instances the pastor must be consulting architect, decorator, and all. Is it answered, that it is folly for the minister to attempt the direction of such work, and that professional architects should be consulted? Theoretically, there is much force in this reply, but it is, practically, without point. All of any considerable experience must have been convinced that professional architects are usually studying to embody their own whims, rather than seeking special adaptations. Each denomination of Christians has its peculiar methods of work, and each *should* have its church edifice built with respect to this peculiar method. Could each

Church organization consult architects who thoroughly understand its special needs, the case would be otherwise. But as the facts now are, I would have the minister so thoroughly trained in the principles of architecture that he would be able to sit in judgment on plans, afford wise suggestions to his building committee, and guard his people against the foolish, expensive, and unmeaning decoration that is too generally found inside our church edifices. Is it urged, that there is already a dangerous tendency to excess in church architecture? Against just this would I have the educated minister guard. I would have him so trained as to distinguish between chaste beauty and gaudy excess, between real art and unmeaning finery, between instructive decoration and mere glare of coloring. Thus would a vast, useless, expenditure be saved, and the religious education be greatly promoted.

"Nor does the effect of this æsthetic education of the pastor stop with the church edifice. It is seen in the parsonage, and plans there a model Christian home. It puts upon the walls the appropriate paintings and engravings; it tells upon the whole interior decoration; it gives an air of real taste to all which his people may study in his home,—thus are all the homes of his parish insensibly affected, and the taste of his Church surely elevated and purified. It will be seen in his own dress and in that of his family; and they will stand as living and constant protests against those barbaric gewgaws that so wickedly rob the treasury of the Lord."

—The interesting scenery of Colorado is a rich mine for our landscape artists. Mr. Moran's last painting, called "The Mountain of the Holy Cross," brings the far Western mountain peaks, the immense extent of valley and darkness of deep ravines, vividly before us. Art critics say, that in no picture of Rocky Mountain scenery has this translation been done so successfully as by Mr. Moran.

—The mausoleum over which is placed the remarkable life-size figure called the "Pensiero,"—so represented by a warrior clad in armor, seated in a meditative attitude, the head leaning on the hand,—and which has, on each side of the tomb, the famous

statues of Michael Angelo, "Dawn" and "Twilight," has been opened, and the ashes of Lorenzo II and his son Alessandro once more disturbed, after lying three hundred and thirty-nine years. It was found, by the leaning of the statues, that in time they would be destroyed, and it became necessary to make them more secure, and thus save the work of a great master. The ashes were carefully deposited again, and honored only by the great work of art that stands above them.

—A movement is now being made to finish the Shakespeare-Memorial window, to be placed in the old church at Stratford-on-Avon. As it is to be an American memorial, the funds are now called for from cities that have failed to contribute their share. New York has furnished her apportionment, but Boston and Philadelphia are yet delinquent.

—Among the reports of various unusually successful exhibitions of art associations this year, the Academy of Design, in New York City, fails to give perfect satisfaction to those who are interested in the progress of American art. Perhaps artists are too busy preparing for the Exposition at Philadelphia, hoping to carry out the grand idea of making that a new epoch in the art history of our country. We will look forward to that time with great interest, hoping to see the finishing touches, the finer ornaments, that ought now to be made to our great and rough civic edifice. The fine arts can now find opportunity to stand by the side of the industrial arts.

—Household decoration in this country is but lately studied as an art, and that almost entirely in large cities. It is with great pleasure we notice its introduction as a study in some of our schools, and that many young women are already learning its alphabet,—and devoting many an hour, formerly so wearily spent on personal ornamentation, to this most attractive study. Combination of colors in carpets, wall tints, symmetry in the arrangement of rooms, window drapery, pictures, etc., make it easy to distinguish the home of the cultured woman who has exercised her æsthetic taste. The rich, mellow tints take the place of the bright and glaring; nature beams forth in the soft

browns, yellows, and grays of October, enlivened by delicate greens of the lichens and ferns. The velvety mosses and trailing vines take the place of unnatural roses and more unnatural leaves, of impossible size and color. The glaring white of her walls is changed to a neutral tint, and the pictures and frames harmonize with such a background. She becomes a student of nature in her own parlors, and this home decoration is a joy to her household.

—“Songs of Youth,” by Harper and Brothers, is a musical contribution, consisting of forty-two poems, mostly by Miss Mulock, arranged to various kinds of music, appropriate to the sentiment of the poems. It is a delightful book for amateurs, and even very young amateurs. For healthy parlor music, this volume, with its many beautiful melodies, will be highly popular.

—The May number of the *Atlantic* notices *The Portfolio*, an artistic periodical edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, London; G. W. Bouton, New York. Its papers are mostly written by professional artists, and thus the art criticisms are made more catholic and valuable. The volume for 1874 contains some interesting articles about etching; and as the *Portfolio* is the only English periodical illustrated by it, it becomes representative among Englishmen. In this volume are many very interesting etchings of Turner's pictures by French artists. Many celebrated paintings, that can not be nicely engraved, are most admirably rendered by this treatment, and show a wonderful combination of precise drawing and clearness in detail. For quiet mastery of the needle, and perfect freedom of handling, there is nothing better than the superb etching by Waltner, after “Rembrandt's portrait of himself at thirty,” which is the frontispiece of the volume.

—The works of early Christian art can be neither appreciated nor understood without realizing the conditions of public and private life under which they were produced. Those who really care to occupy themselves with this art soon train their eyes to pass over the mere handwriting of its alphabet,—the weakness of the execution, the rendering of the work,—and find a world of life and thought beneath which they alone who have

the heart to read can read. There is no story in the romance of the world's life equal in the intensity of its interest to that of Christianity. It is so even for those who care not for its truth; far more so is it for those who do. That art with which the first Christian solaced himself, embodying his thought in sign and symbol; and by which, as time elapsed, he made his first timid ventures to relieve emotions too full to be contained,—that art has been the treasury into which Christians of all generations, from his time to our own, have cast the precious records of their life and faith. Equal in value as history and poetry, it affords to the antiquarian an inexhaustible resource of interest and information. To the historian, its simple truth and undesignated testimony throws light where often all is dark and silent. To the Christian artist, its course is that of a sacred stream, by which he loves to linger, and watch, in the alternations of ruffled wave and quiet pool, the reflection of those deep traditional sympathies which are his soul's food. It is, for all who care to know and use it, a possession to which all are free, by its records to instruct, by its religion to purify, by its poetry to illustrate and adorn, the mysteries of human life; by the power of its universal language to give expression to that life, and to afford the firmest links ever forged by the hand of man to bind together, in one unbroken line, its past, its present, and its hereafter.—*London Architect*.

—The Italian Minister of Finance has introduced a bill into the Chamber of Deputies providing for the thorough restoration of the old palace of the Doges, at Venice; and he has also asked for an appropriation to defray the expenses of the project.

—The unusual and ready sales of water-color paintings, in New York, London, and Paris, during the past season, show a great advance in appreciation of this kind of painting. The success of the last exhibition in New York, before noted in this work, was beyond that of any previous year. In London, a spirited sale was made in April, and one water-color, by Mr. David Cox, brought the incredible sum of £2,950,—the highest price, it is said, that any water-tint has ever brought before.

CURRENT HISTORY.

THE prospects of success for either the Carlists or Alfonsists in Spain are not encouraging. Little advantage can be claimed for either above their opponents. During April the Alfonsists were losers; besides, the conflict between the young King and the University of Madrid threatens the dissolution of his present Cabinet. April 8th, Senor Salmeron, Professor of the University, and formerly President of the Ministry, and Professor Azcara, also of the Madrid University, were arrested. The former was sent to Lugo, and the latter to Mirinda. Other arrests are expected. The Government declares its intention of exiling all professors who protest against the recent educational laws, or who resign chairs on account of their promulgation. General Campos entered Ripoll, after a fight in which he lost forty killed and wounded. The loss of the Carlists is unknown. Previous to these arbitrary measures with reference to the University the scale seemed to have turned in favor of Alfonso, as will be seen in the following dispatches of April 3d. Since the issue of General Cabrera's manifesto, two hundred and forty-four officers have left the service of Don Carlos and entered France. Of these, nine were generals. Many others have surrendered to the Alfonsists. The Carlist General Saballs has had an interview with General Campos, at Olot, under a flag of truce. There is reason to believe he will soon give in his adhesion to King Alfonso, and in return his present rank will be recognized by the Government. The Carlists have not entered the province of Santander. The submissions of insurgent officers are daily increasing in numbers. Nearly one hundred have been announced in this province alone within a few days. General MacConnell has given notice of his adhesion to the King. April 12th, the Carlists were defeated at Tolosa, with one hundred killed. 14th, Carlists surprised Fort Aspe, near Santander, and carried off two hundred prisoners and four guns. May 3d, the Carlist Committee received telegrams reporting great victories by Don Carlos's forces, under the command of Saballs, at Breda Lerida

and Santa Colomo. King Alfonso's forces numbered four thousand men. They lost five chief officers at Breda, and three hundred and fifty men at Santa Colomo. Another victory for the Carlists, under the Castills, is reported from Aragon. The Government troops are said to have lost all their artillery and many provisions. The Alfonsist General, Delatre, was killed.

—April 12th, the French Government seized a number of Courbet's pictures, under a decree confiscating his property, to defray the expense of restoring the Vendôme Column.

—April 13th, a diplomatic conference upon the metrical system of weights and measures met at Paris. The Governments of Brazil, United States, Venezuela, and Argentine Republic were represented. It was resolved to establish an International Bureau of Weights and Measures.

—May 3d, Minister Dufaure drew up regulations for the election of a new Senate. The members of that body are to receive the same salary as deputies.

—The *Bulletin Francais* states that the directors of the Channel Bridge Company have just ordered the construction of an arch one thousand metres in length, for the purpose of proving the feasibility of the scheme of M. Boulet, engineer at Bourges, of throwing a bridge across the Straits of Dover. A model of this bridge, consisting of a road for vehicles and for foot passengers, will probably be erected in the Bois de Boulogne or Champ de Mars, at a height of fifteen metres above the ground. The directors maintain that, whereas the tunnel would take eight years and cost at least 25,000,000 f., the bridge could be erected in a few months at an expense of only 600,000 f.

—April 23d, in the British House of Commons, Dr. Kenealy moved that a Royal Commission be appointed to investigate the circumstances attending the Tichborne trials. In a powerful speech in support of his resolution, Dr. Kenealy alluded to the growing dissatisfaction at the results of these trials, and the manner in which they had been

conducted by the Bench. After a spirited discussion, and in the midst of great excitement, the motion was lost, only one member voting for it.

—April 23d, the police authorities of Posen notified all the Ursuline Sisters in that district, who are not natives of Germany, that they must leave the country within two months.

—The German Prince Imperial will go to India, as announced; but his intention of officially visiting King Victor Emmanuel has been abandoned. The *Daily News* says it is informed that he decided not to visit the King at the special request of Prince Bismarck.

—Lord Northbrook, Viceroy to India, has issued a proclamation deposing the Guikwar of Barada, declaring him and his issue precluded from all rights appertaining to the sovereignty of the country, and compelling the Guikwar to select a place for himself and family in British India. The Viceroy says this measure is based, independently of the recent trial of the Guikwar, upon his notorious misconduct, gross misgovernment, and incapacity; furthermore, the restoration of the Guikwar would be detrimental to the interests of Barada. The Viceroy will select a member of another branch of the Guikwar family to reign.

—Oscar II, King of Sweden, proposes a journey to Berlin and St. Petersburg, with a view to an arrangement, in the first place, of the vexed North Sleswick question. The Danish part of this duchy is to be returned to Denmark, after a plebiscite has taken place, according to Paragraph V in the Treaty of Prague, 1866; and a mixed garrison of Danish and Swedish soldiers is to be placed in the strong fortifications on the Island of Alsen, and on the Sundved, the Sleswick coast opposite the island. It is also reported that the King of Sweden will make an attempt to get Sweden, Norway and Denmark declared singly and jointly neutral, like Belgium and Switzerland, especially with a view to a Russo-Prussian war, which is believed to be unavoidable sooner or later. If King Oscar should succeed in carrying out this programme, he will indeed have created for himself a name in the three Scandinavian kingdoms.

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—Mr. Choy Awah, of Washington, District of Columbia, a Chinaman, was made a citizen and voter of the United States on the 5th day of November last, thus taking precedence of Mr. Yung Wing, who was recently made a voter at Hartford, and was supposed to be the first native of China who had attained to the full privileges of American citizenship in the Atlantic States.

—The ceremony of unveiling the monument to the memory of the late Emperor Maximilian took place in the city of Trieste, April 3d, in the presence of the Emperor Francis Joseph, archdukes, ministers, and an immense concourse of people. Great enthusiasm was exhibited, and speeches were made dwelling on the merits of Maximilian, and expressing the attachment of the inhabitants of Trieste to the imperial house. The Emperor, who was deeply moved, cordially thanked the people for their manifestations of loyalty.

—The one-hundredth anniversary of the battles of Lexington and Concord was celebrated in a magnificent manner, April 19th. This Centennial celebration of the first armed opposition on the part of the Colonies toward England was commenced on the 18th by appropriate services in the old North Church, Boston, and at night by hanging signal lights from its tower; the ride of Paul Revere was also re-enacted. On the 19th, at Concord, the assemblage of people was large, among whom were the President and Cabinet officers, together with the Governors of several of the neighboring States.

—An arrangement has been made between the leaders of the Liberal party in Belgium and Prince Bismarck. The latter, by application of diplomatic pressure, undertakes to bring about the downfall of the clerical ministry; the Liberals, then returning to power, are to make laws to suppress the publication of views unfavorable to the German ecclesiastical policy. The Liberals would introduce compulsory military service and establish new fortifications, consequently the Liberal Belgian papers support the latest demands of the German Cabinet, insisting on the overthrow of the clerical government. This means Prussianizing of Belgium.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

FOREIGN IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.—It is a common belief that American schools are very superficial, and European ones very thorough. Here are some random illustrations in the simple matter of geography, which do not sustain that belief. It is the popular author of "Guy Livingstone," who, in his work entitled "Border and Bastile," describes the lights of Philadelphia as "gleaming out on the broad, dark Susquehanna." The brilliant Amelia A. Edwards, in one of her earlier novels, "Hand and Glove," describes one of her characters as "pacing backward and forward like an overseer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation." A writer in that well-known periodical, *Once a Week*,—in the number for June 16, 1866,—declares that "Franklin, on his return from France, was elected Governor of the State of Philadelphia, and shortly afterward President of the United States." In a very successful English novel, called "Zoe's Brand," the following paragraph occurs. It gives the writer's idea of the climate and geographical position of New Orleans: "A high, bleak, searching wind was whirling through the streets and along the levee. She stood there shivering, for the high wind blown straight from the Wintery regions of ice-bound Canada, pierced through her slender covering." In the same novel the mocking-bird is described as "talking in a fluent and parrot-like style." Nor are such mistakes confined to the literature of the country. They crop up not less frequently and amusingly in social intercourse. An American lady, who had brought with her to Europe a child's nurse, black as the ace of spades, was asked by an English lady at the Grand Hotel, from what part of the country the negress had come. On being told from Philadelphia, the *Anglaise* gravely asked if all the people of Philadelphia were of that color? Whereupon our countrywoman replied, "Of course," and retired in good order. And a hospitable New York gentleman, on offering to take a young Englishman out to drive in Central Park, was solemnly requested by him to take him instead "where he could see a prairie and a few

buffaloes." No less a personage than the elder Dumas, describes in his novel of "Le Capitaine Pamphile," the virgin forests of Pennsylvania as infested with boa constrictors of an appalling size. His hero, too, like Mr. Guy Livingstone, "beholds Philadelphia rising like a queen between the blue waters of the Delaware and the green waves of the ocean." In the first manuscript copy of "L'Oncle Sam" received in the United States, the scene of the first act was laid on board of one of the magnificent steamboats that ply between Chicago and New York. Only last Winter the manager of the Ambigu, in Paris, on producing a dramatized version of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," was reproached by the critics with "not having caused the stage in the first act to be set with tropical plants so as to show the audience at once and unmistakably that the scene was laid in Boston."

INTELLIGIBLE RECEIPT.—An old lady out West gives the following recipe for pickling beef: "Take a right smart of beef, put in a power of salt, add a few molasses, a smart chance of saltpetre, a heap of water, and you'll allow you have the tenderest beef you ever worried down your neck."

A MIXED METAPHOR.—A Corn-cracker preacher took his text from the Gospel of Haggai, and in the course of his remarks said that all the cisterns in heaven can not wash out sin; nothing will suffice but the brazen serpent erected on the pole of the Gospel."

LYNCH LAW.—In Howe's "Historical Collections of Virginia" is the following notice: "Colonel George Lynch, a brother of the founder of Lynchburg, was an officer of the American Revolution. His residence was on the Staunton River, in the southwest part of Campbell County, now the seat of his grandson, Charles Henry Lynch, Esq. At that time the country was very thinly settled, and infested by a lawless band of Tories and desperadoes. The necessity of the case involved desperate measures, and Colonel Lynch, then a leading Whig, apprehended and had them punished without any

superfluous legal ceremony. Hence the origin of the term 'Lynch Law.' At the battle of Guilford Court-house, a regiment of riflemen raised in this part of the State, under command of Colonel Lynch, behaved with much gallantry. The Colonel died soon after the close of the war. Charles Lynch, a Governor of Louisiana, was his son."

This account of Mr. Howe corresponds with the traditions of the Lynch family. It is an interesting fact that Colonel Lynch was a member of the Society of Friends, and a man of great benevolence and humanity. He remained connected with the society until he became a soldier, when he either withdrew or was disowned. Thus the system of jurisprudence, which has been the most brutal in its results, had its origin, as at present designated, in patriotism and the necessity of self-protection, and he from whom it derived a name was a man of humane disposition, and of respectable and conservative surroundings, and had been educated in the tenets of the society which, above all others, taught "On earth peace, good will toward men." R. W. C.

IRVING'S METRICAL PROSE.—Nobody will accuse Irving of courting the muses; but what shall we say of the following lines from his "Knickerbocker's New York," printed as prose? They occur at the beginning of the sixth book.

"The gallant warrior starts from soft repose,
From golden visions and voluptuous ease;
Where, in the dulcet 'piping time of peace,'
He sought sweet solace after all his toils.
No more in Beauty's siren lap reclined,
He weaves fair garlands for his lady's brows:
No more entwines with flowers his shining sword,
Nor through the live-long lazy Summer's day
Chants forth his love-sick soul in madrigals.
To manhood roused, he spurns the amorous flute,
Doffs from his brawny back the robe of peace,
And clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of steel;
O'er his dark brow, where late the myrtle waved,
Where wanton roses breathed enervate love,
He rears the beaming casque and nodding plume;
Grasps the bright shield, and shakes the ponderous lance,
Or mounts with eager pride his fiery steed,
And burns for deeds of glorious chivalry."

POETICAL COINCIDENCES.—Often the same thoughts are expressed alike by various writers, some of whom have unconsciously borrowed from the others, or have been guilty of actual plagiarism. The ancients

are common property, and it is not considered a plagiarism to take from them. There are, however, coincidences of expression which must be referred to original suggestion on the part of the writers, and perhaps some of the following are such:

"The Summer's flower is to the Summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die."

—Shakespeare, *Sonnet 94*.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

—Gray, *Elegy*.

"There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die."

—Pope, *Rape of the Lock*.

"In distant wilds, by human eye unseen,
She rears her flowers and spreads her velvet green;
Pure, gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race."

—Young.

"And like the desert's lily, bloom to fade."

—Shenstone, *Elegy iv*.

"Nor waste their sweetness on the desert air."

—Churchill, *Gotham*.

"Which else had wasted in the desert air."

—Lloyd, *Ode at Westminster School*.

THE ORTHOGRAPHIC MANIA.—We clip the following from an exchange. It shows how great men have been amused, and had fun with each other over the same idea, now so prevalent:

Many persons have read, at one time or another, a little anecdote about the late Lord Palmerston, which tells how that jovial nobleman once gave eleven of his associates in the cabinet a sentence to spell, and how not one of the eleven got through without blundering. The sentence was, "Is it disagreeable to witness the embarrassment of a harassed peddler gauging the symmetry of a peeled potato?" There are here several words easy to misspell; but a correspondent sends to the *New York Evening Post* a sentence, which he says, on the authority of Lord Robert Cecil, was actually given out to a school in Ipswich, by the side of which the Palmerston test became ridiculously simple. It runs thus:

"While hewing yew,
Hugh lost his ewe,
And put it in the *Hue and Cry*.
To name its face's dusky hues
Was all the effort he could use.
You brought the ewe back, by and by,
And only begged the hewer's ewer,
Your hands to wash in water pure,
Lest nice-nosed ladies, not a few,
Should cry, on coming near you, 'ugh!'"

THE FIRST ENGLISH SONG.—The following old English poem is said to have been the first English song ever set to music. It was written about the year 1300, and first discovered in one of the Harleian manuscripts, now in the British Museum:

APPROACH OF SUMMER.

"Sumer is i-comen in,
Lhude sing cucucu;
Groweth fed and bloweth med,
And springeth the wode nu,
Sing cucucu.

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc'sterteth, buck verteth;
Murle sing cucucu:
Cuccu, cucucu:
Wel singes thu cucucu;
Ne swik thow nower nu.
Sing cucucu nu,
Sing cucucu."

The following is a modern prose version: Summer is come in. Loudly sing cuckoo! Groweth feed, and bloweth meed, and springeth the wood now. Ewe bleateth after lamb, loweth cow after calf; bullock starteth, buck verteth (that is, harboreth among the ferns); merrily sing cuckoo! Well singest thou, cuckoo. Nor cease to sing now. Sing cuckoo, now sing, cuckoo!—*London Musical World*.

GOD AND MAN IN ANGLO-SAXON.—Of their conception of the essence of the divine being, the Anglo-Saxon language affords a singular testimony, for the name of *God* signifies *good*. He was goodness itself, and the Author of all goodness. Yet the idea of denoting the Deity by a term equivalent to abstract and absolute perfection, striking as it may appear, is perhaps less remarkable than the fact that the word *Man*, which they use, as we do, to designate a human being, also signifies *wickedness*; showing how well they were aware that our fallen nature had become identified with sin and corruption.—*Palgrave's History of England*.

MARGINAL READING IN THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES.—There are certain facts concerning the English version of the Scriptures so well known as scarcely to need mention. These are, first, that words printed in *italics* have no words answering to them in the original; they were supplied by the translators to complete the sense; second, that where the title *Lord* is printed (in the

Old Testament) in *capital letters* (LORD), the term in the original is JEHOVAH; and, third, that the marginal readings (not references) are of equal authority with the reading in the text, having been the work of the translators.

There is one fact, however, in reference to these marginal readings that has almost vanished from the knowledge of the Church. They are of two kinds; and the difference was noted by the translators by a difference in the reference-marks which they employed. In examining a Bible having marginal readings, issued by the American Bible Society (who very properly retain the old notation), it will be perceived that only two marks are employed, namely, the parallel lines (||) and the cross (†). Where the former mark (||) is employed, the margin gives a mere alternative translation of the original word, which the translators did not think as good as the one placed by them in the text; but where the latter (†) is used, the marginal reading is always the *literal* translation of the original, and the text presents the translators' opinion as to the idea intended to be conveyed by the original. Thus Isaiah xxvi, 4, is printed in the text, "Trust ye in the LORD for ever; for in the LORD JEHOVAH (in JAH JEHOVAH) is † everlasting strength." The margin gives as the literal translation of the phrase rendered in the text "everlasting strength," "the rock of ages." It will also be perceived that wherever the cross-mark occurs, the marginal reading is, in the Old Testament, always prefaced with the abbreviation *Heb.* (for *Hebrew*), and in the New Testament with *Gr.* (for *Greek*). In the Book of Daniel, *Chald.* (for *Chaldaic*) also occurs. It will well repay any one to read the Bible with an eye to these marks. The word whose literal translation is thrown into the margin is almost always some figurative expression, the employment of which gives a force and grandeur to the Scripture which does not appear in the text—as in the passage above quoted from Isaiah. How far superior is the expression, "in the Lord Jehovah is the rock of ages," to that which the text presents!

It is to be regretted that many prominent publishers (Bagster, for instance) have given up these distinctive marks, substituting in their place mere numerals.

SCIENTIFIC.

FALL OF COSMICAL DUST TO THE EARTH.—

It has been ascertained by Nordenskiöld, of Stockholm, that small quantities of a cosmical dust, foreign to our planet, and containing metallic iron, cobalt, nickel, phosphoric acid, and also a carbonaceous organic matter, fall upon the earth along with snow or rain.

ATTAR OF ROSES.—Attar of Roses for European commerce is almost exclusively supplied by a small tract of country in Roumelia, on the southern side of the Balkan Mountains. There has been some question as to what species of rose is chiefly employed, though it is known that the large, dark red damask rose yields a larger per cent of the precious oil than any other. This species, *Rosa Damascena*, is almost unknown in a wild state, and Mr. Baker, of Kew, an accomplished rosarian, regards it as most likely a cultivated variety of *Rosa Gullica*, which spreads in a wild state from France to Kooristan.

TOBACCO SMOKE AND CARBONIC OXIDE.—

Dingler's Polytechnic Journal contains an account of researches made by Dr. Otto Krause, of Annaberg, on tobacco smoke, which he finds contains constantly a considerable quantity of carbonic oxide. The after effects of smoking are said to be principally caused by this poisonous gas, as the smoker never can prevent a part of the smoke from descending to the lungs, and thus the poisoning is unavoidable. The author is of opinion that the after effects are all the more energetic, the more inexperienced the smoker is, and he thus explains the unpleasant results of the first attempt at smoking, which are generally ascribed to nicotine alone.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY IN EGYPT.—

The Khedive of Egypt has recently charged Dr. Schweinfurth with the formation of a geographical society, which, like that of Russia, shall enjoy a *quasi* official character. The society is to direct the exploring expeditions which it is proposed to send to the most remote parts of territory under the sway of Egypt. It will trace out new roads for

commerce, and supply scientific observers with all facilities which will promote the cause of science generally. The Egyptian general staff, presided over as it is by several of the most experienced American officers, will prove a useful auxiliary to the society, and has already furnished the *personnel* for an expedition dispatched for the exploration of Darfur and the countries to the south of it. Dr. Schweinfurth is eminently fitted to fill the position to which he has been assigned, as all must agree who have read his fascinating book, the "Heart of Africa," which shows him an enthusiast in the department of geographical and scientific exploration.

LOUISE LATEAU—"THE MIRACLE."—

The Royal Academy of Medicine at Brussels has given its opinion on the so-called "miracle," Louise Lateau, who, it is said, by divine assistance abstains from taking food, and has done so for years together. Moreover, this miraculous creature has some wounds in her hands, side, and feet, which are said to be true representations of those of Christ, and which bleed profusely every Friday. Dr. Virchow, the celebrated German anatomist, has made her the subject of a little pamphlet, "Ueber Wunder." The opinion of the Brussels Academy, which is quite in accordance with that of Dr. Virchow, is as follows: "Louise Lateau works and requires heat; every Friday she loses a certain quantity of blood by her wounds. When she breathes she exhales water vapor and carbonic acid; her weight has not decreased since she has been observed, she therefore consumes carbon not supplied by her system. Where does she take this carbon from? Physiology simply replies, 'She eats.' The alleged abstinence from all food of Louise Lateau is contradictory to all physiological laws; it is therefore hardly necessary to prove that this abstinence is an invention. Whoever alleges that Louise Lateau is not subject to physiological laws, must prove it. Until this is done, physiology will denote the miracle to be a deception. Could Louise Lateau be closely observed night and day

by scientific men, the deception would soon come to light. It is no use to talk of miracles, even when eleven doors are shut against deceit, as long as the twelfth is left open."

DISTILLATION OF CAMPHOR.—Vice-Consul Allen, in his report of the trade of Tamsuy and Kelung, describes the distillation of the camphor of commerce from *Cinnamomum Camphora* as a most hazardous trade, the distillers having to be constantly on the alert for fear of attack by the aborigines, who are naturally opposed to the continual encroachments into their territory for the purpose of cutting down trees for the extraction of camphor. No young trees are planted in the place of those cut down, nor do the officials take any cognizance of the diminution which is being surely effected in the supply of a valuable commercial article. The stills are described as being of very simple construction, and are built up in a shed in such a manner that they can be moved, as the Chinese advance, into the interior. A long wooden trough, coated with clay and half filled with water, is placed over eight or ten furnaces; on the trough, boards pierced with holes are fitted, and on these boards are placed jars containing the camphor-wood chips, the whole being surmounted by inverted earthenware pots, and the joints made air-tight by filling them up with hemp. When the furnaces are lit, the steam passes through the pierced boards, and, saturating the chips, causes the sublimated camphor to settle in crystals on the inside of the pots, from which it is scraped off and afterward refined. During the Summer months the camphor often loses as much as twenty per cent on its way from the producing districts to the port of shipment.

THE FRENCH IN AFRICA.—The French are trying to open a regular trade with Timbuctoo and Soudan *via* Tusalah, the chief city of Touaregs. They have recently conquered the oasis of Goleah, about six hundred miles from the coast. It is from that place that M. Paul Soleillet, the enterprising Sahara explorer, will start for Tusalah, having to march a distance of only nine hundred miles. The colonization of Algeria has recently received a strong impulse from more than ten thousand Alsace-Lorrainers having

settled in the colony. The European population is increasing, not only by a sensible flow of emigration, but by the excess of births over deaths. The colonists, exclusive of the army, now number 250,000, while the native population is not more than 2,250,000. The governor of the three provinces is General Chanzy, who has decided on the institution of three annual fairs to be held in the southern part of each province. Goleah being too far south, a city will be founded for that purpose at about three hundred miles from the coast, in the Eastern province. It is expected that, attracted by these fairs, Arabs and Touaregs of the west will resume the old trade. Another French African settlement is the district south of the Gold Coast, known as Gaboon. The Marquis de Compiegne and M. Marche, who explored this region last year, are shortly to resume their explorations, which were cut short by hostile tribes.

CAOUTCHOUC FROM BURMAH.—A new source of caoutchouc reaches us from Burmah, a description of which has been given in a pamphlet published in Rangoon. The plant yielding this caoutchouc is the *Chavannesia esculenta*, a creeper, belonging to the natural order Apocynæ, an order which includes the Borneo rubber-plant, *Urceola elastica*, the African rubber-plants, as well as other genera yielding milky juices. The plant, which is common in the Burmese forests, is said to be cultivated by the natives for the sake of its fruit, which has an agreeable acid taste. It comes into season when tamarinds are not procurable, and finds a ready sale at Rangoon. The milk is said to coagulate more readily than that of *Ficus elastica*, and to be purer, and better for most purposes for which rubber is used, and may perhaps be as easily vulcanized.

A GIFT FROM THE ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY.—The Alaska Commercial Company has presented to the National Museum at Washington eight mummies, from a cave in the Aleutian Islands. They resemble those from Peru, being doubled up with the knees close to the chin, and wrapped in skins. They were formerly hung up in the cave, like hams in a smoke-house; but the loops decaying, they were all found on the floor.

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

MORE than two hundred years ago there lived in Castile a handsome prince and a beautiful princess, who had every thing that a good human heart could have, except trouble. It seemed that this could not come to them. They were young, full of health, and cheerful; they had kind and very wealthy parents,—and, beyond all, they could count friends who had for them a sincere affection, which is a very rare happiness for persons of royal blood. Often the princess would say:

"Ferdinand, what is trouble? How does it feel?"

And Ferdinand replied, "Alas, Isabel, I do not know!"

"Let us ask our parents to give us some," pursued Isabel; "they never refuse us any thing."

But the king and queen shuddered at their request.

"No, no, dear children," they cried. "You do not know what you ask. Pray that these wicked wishes may vanish from your hearts."

But the prince and princess were not satisfied with this answer. They applied, in secret, to the most powerful courtiers; and, to their great astonishment, met with refusal, accompanied with a laugh, and polite bow. They even had recourse to the court jester.

"Ah, that trouble is a very precious thing," said the jester. "One can not buy it, and it is not to be had for the asking. But you may borrow it."

"Good!" cried the delighted pair. "We shall borrow some this moment."

"But," added the jester, "if you borrow any, you must pay back in the same coin."

"Alas!" sighed the prince and princess, "How can we, if we have no trouble which belongs to us?"

"True! That is the trouble," pronounced the jester, as he stole away.

"What did he intend those words to mean?" said the prince, nearly out of patience; "but we need not trouble ourselves about him,—he is only a fool."

Then, in despair, the two children went in search of their faithful nurse, who had been in the palace ever since their birth.

"Dear Catharine!" said they, "we have never had any trouble. The priests say it is the common lot of mortals. Have you had yours?"

"O yes, my darlings; I have always had more trouble than I want," replied the old woman sadly, shaking her head.

"O, O! give us some! give us some, good Catharine!" eagerly exclaimed the prince and princess.

But Catharine lifted her hands in horror, and tottered away, mumbling prayers. Then the prince and princess went down into the garden, and sat upon a mossy seat.

"Nobody will give us what we have asked for," said Isabel. "It is very cruel."

"Yes, very cruel," replied Ferdinand, taking his sister's hand.

"Our parents never refused us any thing before," resumed Isabel.

"Never!" answered Ferdinand.

"Nor the courtiers," added Isabel.

"Nor the courtiers," echoed Ferdinand.

"Nor our dear old nurse," said Isabel, with a strange feeling in her eyes.

"Nor our dear nurse."

"It is wickedness!"

"It is insolence!"

"It is ingratitude!"

"Very great ingratitude!"

"It is cruelty!" finished Isabel, with sobs; "and my eyes are full of tears. How do you feel, Ferdinand?"

"Very badly, Isabel. I think my eyes also are wet with tears."

Just then the chief gardener came that way. He hastened to them.

"My dear prince and princess!" he exclaimed, throwing himself on his knees before them; "you are weeping! O, that these noble and beautiful children can have trouble!"

"Trouble!" echoed Ferdinand and Isabel.

"This is trouble, Carlos?"

"Assuredly, I think so," said Carlos, much puzzled.

Then the prince and princess arose gayly,

clapped their hands, and ran to the palace, as happy as two birds. Their wish was gratified at last.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

"I'll master it," said the ax, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface, till they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the hammer; "I knew you would n't do it; I'll show you the way;" but at his first fierce stroke, off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. They all despised the flame, but he curved gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it until it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these,—and hard, indeed, is that heart that can resist love.

THE POTTERY TREE.

BRAZIL has many wonderful vegetable productions, and not the least wonderful of these is the pottery tree. This tree has a very tall, slender trunk, measuring often a hundred feet from the ground to the lowest branches, while not more than a foot in diameter. The wood is very hard, and contains a great deal of silica,—not so much, however, as the bark,—which is largely employed as a source of silica in the making of pottery. The bark is first burned, and what is left from the burning is pulverized and mixed with clay. With an equal quantity of the two, a very fine quality of ware is made. It is very durable, and will bear almost any amount of heat. The natives employ it for all manner of culinary purposes. When fresh, the bark cuts like soft sandstone; when dry, it is generally brittle, though sometimes hard to break. After being burned, if of good quality, it can not be broken up between the fingers, a pestle and mortar being required to crush it.

GLIMPSES OF SUMMER.

SHINE and shower, shower and shine;
Here comes a bumble-bee ready to dine;
Where have you been, you indolent rover?
Now take your fill from the sweet white clover.

Sing and fly, fly and sing,
Black and white bobolinks on the wing;
While round and round, now high, now low,
On airy journeys the swallows go.

Red and sweet, sweet and red,
Roses on every garden-bed;
Lilies and thrushes, blossom and song;
Long are the days, and as glad as long.

Hum and dart, dart and hum,
Here is the sprite of the Summer come,
Wandering winged from nook to nook,—
Rainbowed "hum-bird!" listen, look!

THREE LITTLE BIRDS.

THREE little birds in the top of a tree,
Swinging and singing merrily;
Singing and swinging in the sun;
What will they do when the day is done?

All since the morning cool and gray,
They have sung with the best, the live-long day,—
Singing and winging their way in the sun;
What will they do when the singing is done?

Under the broad leaves, cool and green,—
The blossoms bending with dew between,—
While the new moon shines in the yellow west,
The birds will sleep sweet who sang the best.

GOD'S CHILD.

OTHER girls have brothers kind,
Little sisters good and bright,
Father, mother—never mind,
God keeps Polly.

Other girls can read and write,
Say their prayers with perfect wits,
I can only say at night,
God keeps Polly.

Other girls have faces fair,
Eyes to love, and lips to kiss,
Lovers for their graces rare,—
God keeps Polly.

Other girls can dance and sing,
I can only stand and look;
But the winds are whispering,
God keeps Polly.

Other girls, when they shall die,
Will have mourners standing by,
No one needs for me to cry,—
God keeps Polly. —Good Things.

THE RAIN.

FOREVER and ever the low gray sky
Stoops o'er the sorrowful earth;
Forever and ever the steady rain
Falls on bare, bleak hill and barren plain,
And flashes on roof and window pane,
And hisses upon the earth.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

MANKIND, like the individual man, has its childhood, its maturity, its old age. The religions of the world have been given to the world in dispensations suited to the waxing age of the race or nation to whom the dispensation was given. The patriarchal dispensation came to men in the period of childhood. The mind of the Chinese has never yet got beyond the parent worship of the infantile ages. Great movements of mind have taken place in different ages; movements of which individuals were the exponents rather than the creators. Confucius did not create Confucianism, neither did Sakya-Muni create Buddhism. The four great religions of the world, like the race itself, are of Asiatic origin, and each in its turn represented a movement of world-mind, which prepared the way for the success of the prophets, who were the heralds and mouth-pieces of the incoming faith. The Oriental world made a grand leap in the days of Abraham from idolatry to Judaism, and a grander in the transition from Judaism to Christianity. The idolatrous Arabs of the early Christian centuries made a grand stride upward when, under the guidance of the hero-prophet, they embraced Monotheism. God conducted the Jews from gross idolatries to a pure and simple-rited Christianity through a sea of symbols and centuries of apprenticeship to ceremonies and rituals. It has been a question with many pious minds whether the lower races should not be similarly elevated by gorgeous object-teaching to the simple, unadorned plainness of intellectual Christianity. Sir John Bowring thought that the Chinese should be Christianized by passing through Romanism; and there are not wanting men, who, like Winwood Reade, insist that Western Asia and Africa are in the true route to Christianity by passing through Mohammedanism. We have not time nor space to show, in answer to these advocates, that Christianity, in the days of Paul, took the abominable heathen of Southern Europe, without any intervening Judaism, and elevated them, at a few strides, from the most

degrading and disgusting vices, and the profoundest depths of ignorance and sin, and made saints out of the worst kind of sinners, whose religion, as is apt to be the case on such a low intellectual plane, was ahead of their morals, and who, while sincere and earnest and fervent in spirit, had to be constantly warned against relapsing into adultery and fornication and uncleanness, and lying and profanity and theft and other vices from which they had been reclaimed. Since Carlyle made Mohammed his hero-prophet, there has been no end of effort put forth by writers and lecturers to prove that Mohammedanism was doing a good work for the Asiatic and African races. Barth, Livingstone, Wilson, and other explorers and writers on Africa, have no patience with its hollowness, its want of reforming power, and its atrocious brutalities; but Emanuel Deutsch, in an article in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1869, entitled "Islam," shows the close kinship between Judaism and Mohammedanism, and R. Bosworth Smith, in four lectures delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain in 1874, aims to do justice to Mohammed's character, and to exhibit what has been good in Mohammed's influence on the world. These lectures are booked for public use and reference in a substantial volume, called *Mohammed and Mohammedanism* (Harper & Brothers, New York.) The author is not merely tolerant toward Islamism, he believes in a unity which rests in the belief that the children of a common Father may worship him under different names. However much we may dissent from the opinions of the author, his volume is worthy of careful perusal. (Robert Clarke & Co.)

CHRIST'S Life has been written again, not by a hostile Strauss or friendly Neander, not by a sentimental Rénan or a rhetorical Beecher, but by Daniel Wise, D. D., in a style "simple without being juvenile," and adorned with eighty-three illustrations. We have no patience with foot-notes. They may have appropriate place in *Lew*, corrected,

and edited editions, but in the original draft of a work they should be wrought into the text. Foot-notes in books and quarterly and magazine articles give the appearance of great learning and research, but to our mind are often suggestive of slovenliness and want of time and care in the original composition. Some texts are printed with express design for comment and annotation, but, in a flow of narrative or reasoning, frequent interruption by the fine printed collocation at the foot of the page is, like the versification and chapterization of the Bible, destructive to sense and continuity, impertinent and intrusive. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

"EUREKA" is the *nom de plume* of a writer on the very absorbing, not to say universally popular subject, Christian unity. The title of his book is *Ecce Unitas*. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati; Nelson & Phillips, New York.) It will be read with the interest that naturally attaches to the subject, though the author, like every sectarian, from the Romanist to the hard-shell Baptist, finds union in exclusion, rather than inclusion. His first proposition cuts off all Roman Catholics and High Churchmen, and his last, submersionists of almost every hue, leaving the true Church to be composed of "the children of God, 'by faith in Christ Jesus;'" (how known, but by the Methodist test, "witness of the Spirit?") The Romanist denies "the right of private judgment," and all denominations sit in judgment upon this same right of private judgment; while the submersionist says "baptism (meaning thereby submersion), like all God's commands, is essential to salvation," and consequently to Church fellowship.

THE venerable John S. C. Abbott still wields a vigorous pen, proving that the septuagenarians are not all laid aside yet. His latest work is a continuation of "American Pioneers and Patriots," *The Adventures of Chevalier De La Salle*, (Dodd & Mead), explorations of the prairies, forests, lakes and rivers of the New World, and interviews with savages two hundred years ago. A book for boys worth cart-loads of romance. This fearless adventurer passed over thousands of miles in birch-bark canoes.

The author, old as he is, is rhetorical as a school-boy, and indulges in such sophomorical romance as the "fathomless(?) depths" of the Mississippi, in which the body of De Soto found burial! "the rush and roar of the incoming billows(?) of the terrible Missouri, the most tremendous(?) river on the globe!" Our recollections of the Missouri are rather the surface of a muddy lake than of the "maniacal fury" of "rushing, boiling, turbid waters!" Several spirited etchings illustrate the volume. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

REV. WILLIAM B. ORVIS cuts the Gordian knot which many are essaying to untie, and finds the golden secret of Church unity in the total abolition of all external rites and ceremonies. The high-sounding title of his book is *Ritualism Dethroned and the True Church Found*, a plea for Christian liberty, Christian union, and the higher Christian life. The book is dogmatic, largely historical, and worth the reading of sermon-makers, who want to see all sides of a subject. Its author appears to be a Quaker Congregationalist. Its publisher is Henry Longstreth, 738 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

SARAH TYTLER has rendered good service to schools and students of music, as well as to the owners of small and select libraries, by compressing, from the Imperial Dictionary and other sources, the lives of sixty of the most prominent musical masters into a volume of some four hundred pages, titled *Musical Composers and their Works*, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, and sold at the moderate price of two dollars. The authoress had no need to "apologize for the disproportionate length of the sketches of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn." Next to Handel, they were peers in the musical realm. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

ONE of the most interesting books sent to our table this month is the *Reminiscences of Macready*, the great English tragedian. The first part of the volume is autobiographic, the latter part journalistic. No man ever did more to purify the drama and to create a taste for the works of the immortal Shakespeare. Macready combined, in his person, most singular extremes. He was a fine classical scholar, though not extensively

learned, a great reader, and a judicious critic, possessed of an imperious manner and ungovernable temper, yet self-reproachful and contrite whenever passion got the mastery and rioted for the moment in violent outbreak. He was, withal, an exceedingly religious man, emphasizing with an imprecation, now and then, some special meanness in humanity, and yet conducting prayers with great fervency and regularity in his family, signaling birthdays and special occasions with pious reflections, and even prefacing his theatrical engagements with devout prayers to Almighty God for success in his undertakings. It is evident that one-half the world does not understand the religion of the other half. Macready's patient labor to acquire his profession, and his unrelenting effort to perfect himself in it to the latest period of life, are, or might be, a model for pulpit neophytes. Mrs. Siddons's advice to Macready in youth was, "study—study—study;" and his own pet phrase in later life was, "energy—energy—energy." Pity it is that, as a player once said to a preacher, in reply to the inquiry why the stage was so much more effective than the pulpit, "actors treat fictions as though they were realities; while preachers often present realities as though they were fictions." Macready never consorted with the common herd of actors, indeed, rather despised them as a class, deprecated the temptations to which young females were exposed in the green-room, dreaded the idea of his children becoming players, and in their earlier years, never took them to the theater. His efforts in behalf of the legitimate drama were only temporarily and partially successful. Somehow or other, the stage obstinately refuses to be either elevated or purified. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

JOHN WESLEY seems likely to have full justice done to his labors and memory. The incomparable biography of Southey is supplemented by the exhaustive volumes of Tyerman, and Tyerman himself is righted where he is wrong by the masterly critique of Rigg. It is long since we have been so deeply interested in a work as we were from beginning to end in *The Living Wesley*, as

he was in his youth and in his prime, by James H. Rigg, D. D., with an Introduction by Dr. John F. Hurst, President of the Drew. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) It seems a pity that Dr. Rigg did not have the opportunity to write the life of Wesley and a history of Methodism. He was anticipated in his design by Stevens and Tyerman. His criticisms upon Tyerman are fair, impartial, and most happy, while he sets forth many points of Wesley's life and character in a new light. His topics are, Wesley, the Collegian at Oxford; Wesley and his Relations to Women; Wesley's Ritualism and Mysticism, his Evangelical Conversion; Wesley, the Preacher; Wesley, the Scholar and Thinker. He handles each of these themes with the strong judgment of an acute reasoner, and the reverent love of a disciple and admirer.

BEFORE us lies the third volume of Alexander William Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*, its origin, and an account of its progress, down to the death of Lord Raglan (June 28th, 1855). Those who have read the first two of Mr. Kinglake's interesting volumes will welcome the appearance of the third, which contains an account of the battle of Inkerman. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) The leading event of the years 1853-4-5 was the war of the Crimea, the alliance of English, French, and Turks, against the Russians. The 14th of September, 1854, twenty-five thousand English, twenty-five thousand French, and eight thousand Turks, landed in the Crimea. Six days after followed the bloody battle of the Alma; a month later came the battle of Balaklava, with its "famous charge of the light brigade;" and then, November 5th, the slaughterous battle of Inkerman.

THE doings of the noted American evangelists in England are not only chronicled in the dailies of both hemispheres, but congenial friends and admirers have hastened to make a permanent record of their labors in book form. Messrs. John Hall, D. D., of New York, and George H. Stuart, Esq., of Philadelphia, have edited, and Messrs. Dodd & Mead, of New York, have published, in a handsome duodecimo of four hundred and fifty pages, prefaced with likenesses of the

workers, "*The American Evangelists*, D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey, in Great Britain and Ireland." Their modes are peculiar. Mr. Sankey sings and Mr. Moody exhorts, and the whole thing would wear, to us, an air of greater originality, if the Methodists had not been doing the same thing and practicing similar methods for a hundred and fifty years. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) *Boys and Girls in Biology*, or simple studies in the lower forms of life, based upon the latest lectures of Professor Huxley, and published by his permission, by Sarah Hackett Stevenson, illustrated. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) A beautiful volume, full of interesting studies, but one that will find more readers with adults than with the class for whom it was prepared. Children can be interested with experiments, something ocular, but they will rarely read about them. *Love Enthroned*; another treatise on sanctification, by one of its ablest advocates

and promoters as well as one of its most consistent exemplifiers, Daniel Steele, D. D. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *God's Word through Preaching*, the Lyman-Beecher lectures before the theological department of Yale College (fourth series), by John Hall, D. D. The Appendix is interesting, consisting in the lecturer's answers to various questions proposed to him, in writing, by members of the class. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *The Young Outlaw*; or, Adrift in the Streets, by Horatio Alger, Jr. (Loring, publisher, Boston.) *Conquering and to Conquer*; by the author of the "Schönberg Cotta Family." (Dodd & Mead, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) *The Satires of A. Persius Flaccus*, edited by Basil Gildersleeve, a nice little book, thoroughly annotated, for use in schools and colleges. (Harper & Brothers, N. York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE MAY FESTIVAL.—Musical festivals are an old institution in Europe; they are becoming tolerably common in this country. It is singular that they cling to provincial capitals rather than to great commercial Babels, Leipsic rather than Berlin in Germany, Birmingham rather than London in England, Boston rather than New York on this side of the Atlantic. That held in Cincinnati, in May last, was a grand achievement. We Christians have to thank heaven for the concert-room. Handel struggled with operas and opera-troupes with only moderate success for forty years, when he found immortality in his grand religious oratorios, heard by millions, who never would have followed him into the theater. Jenny Lind renounced the opera and took to the concert-room, to the delight of thousands who would never have heard her as the Daughter of the Regiment, or as Alice, or Agatha. Then we have to thank Julien, and Gillmore, and lastly and chiefly, Theodore Thomas, for putting unexceptionable music,

vocal and instrumental, before the Christian public, such as the most rigid Puritan or pietist can not find fault with. Thomas's work is educative. He despises charlatany and clap-trap, and brings before the public only the best works of the greatest masters. This is pleasing to those who have education and discrimination, and they sit humbly and admiringly at the feet of the mighty masters of the lyre, and their capable interpreters. To other classes this is not so agreeable. There are those who have no musical faculty, who can not, as one said to us lately, "distinguish *do* from a handsaw," and to whom music is an unintelligible language, or an unbearable jargon, who join with the old bear, Dean Swift, in his famous sneer at "Handel, with his parcel of fiddlers."

There are others, and their name in this new country is legion, who have the musical instinct, but are wholly uneducated, who, from sheer—we will not say ignorance, for that seems to convey an idea of disgrace and reproach, but from sheer non-knowledge,

can not appreciate any thing beyond a song or a ballad, a plain psalm, or a strain of negro minstrelsy. Such complain of "operatic screeching." Such persons are always in quest of a "tune," a simple melody of a few dozen notes, unembarrassed by harmonies, and frequently repeated, that ruts itself into the mind, and becomes agreeable by association and familiar acquaintance.

Such persons remind us of the anecdote of Kendall's band, which went from Boston into some rural village in Massachusetts, and, in their gay traveling wagon, played some symphony or concerto to give the rustics a taste of classic strains from some of the old masters. When the grand *finale* was reached, and the pleased performers took their horns from their lips and asked, "How do you like that?" "O, very well," said the novices in brass and reeds—"well enough in its way—but can't you give us a *tune*? 'can't you give us Yankee Doodle, Old Hundred, or Hail Columby?"

Since the days of Palestrina, contemporary with the Lutheran Reformation, music has been a new revelation. It has made wonderful strides since the days of Bach and Handel, within the last one hundred and fifty years. Sister arts—poetry, architecture, sculpture, and painting—have burst upon the world, and reached and in their earliest ages received at the hands of their earliest masters—perfection that has never been excelled by later ages. Homer and Job, the oldest of poets, were also the greatest. The sculpture and architecture of Greece have never been rivaled. Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo are inimitable. It is an open question whether music reached its highest perfection in Bach and Handel. Certainly, all subsequent composers, so far, have bowed to these first geniuses.

But the world likes novelty, and prefers the fresh and new, though feeble, to that which is old and mighty. Handel, Haydn, and Mozart are disappearing from our programmes, and Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Wagner, and Liszt are the reigning favorites of the hour.

Sustained melody, song-ody, like those of indigenous peoples, or like those composed by Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Rossini, simple and familiar, that every body knows and every body can learn, seem to be dis-

carded in modern orchestral symphonies, and composers task themselves to produce harmonic and melodic effects, snatches of melody, varied infinitely throughout the wonderful range afforded by wind and stringed and pulsatile instruments; and this may be sensible and legitimate. There are no "tunes" in nature. Go stand out of doors under the open sky, and listen to the voices around you, the hum of insects, the chirp and whistle, the caw and coo of the birds, the trickle and rush and patter and roar of waters, the rustle of grass and leaves, the steady thunder of the cataract, the crescendo and diminuendo of ocean's tremendous diapason, and the sudden burst and crash of thunder; all is melody, all is harmony, all is soothing to the spirits, or filling them with ideas of the tragic and sublime; and yet there is no tune, no concatenated harmony, no mathematical intervals or skillfully constructed melodic relations. All this is the work of man, the creator, the inventor, the combiner of nature's wealth of material for the gratification of his lofty senses and the higher elevation of his wonderful soul.

Perhaps there is nothing in the whole range of invented art like the modern orchestra. The organ, grand in its own way, can not rival it. The melodeon, a box of jew's-harps, reeds without pipes, is flat, and limited in its range of effects; the piano, whose clattering wires are a tinkling impertinence as an accompaniment to the voice, is confined, in effects, to soft and loud, as its name implies. But the orchestra, with its interminable variety of effects, can imitate and suggest every thing in nature—the roll of thunder, the tossing of waves, the singing of birds, the clash of battle, the songs of angels, and the wails and howls of tragedy and despair.

Music, like oratory, can not be described. Each must be heard to be appreciated. At this distance from the Cincinnati Festival it would serve no purpose to try to put into language the wonderful effects produced upon immense auditories by Wagner's "Lohengrin," Beethoven's Seventh and Ninth Symphonies, Mendelssohn's ever-favorite oratorio of "Elijah," Bach's "Magnificat," Schubert's Symphony, and Liszt's "Prometheus." Certainly such music was never before heard west of the Alleghany Mount-

ains, and but seldom on this side of the Atlantic. One fact was distinctly noticeable, and that was the insignificance of individual singers, though artists of the first class, in the presence of such an overwhelming chorus and such a powerful orchestra. Whitney is unrivaled in this country or in England as the prophet in "Elijah;" but the oratorio needs soloists with powers sparsely bestowed, voices like those of Parepa, Madame Rudersdorff in her prime, Sims Reeves, Simpson, and a few other gifted performers.

For four days Cincinnati wore her gayest holiday attire. The "glorious fourth" does not blaze more flaringly, and the Centennial of '76 will have difficulty in surpassing the floral and flag display. Cincinnati Festivals are under judicious economical financial arrangements,—the cool head and planning brain of Colonel Nichols and his associates, who manage to come out square, and not to incur such disaster and loss as fell in the train of the big Boston Jubilees—to our mind as big musical, as they were financial, failures. There is a limit to sound and hearing, and the Exposition Hall is all too large for the highest gratification of those who would enjoy the best effects of music. The orchestra was splendidly housed at the Festival, but it split the chorus in two, and prevented the grand effects producible only by massing voices. We hope the suggestion will be heeded of bringing Mr. Thomas here next Winter to play and sing with the Harmonic Society in smaller compass and more compact quarters, where those who are fortunate enough to secure seats may enjoy their privilege to the best advantage. These jubilees and festivals are evidently unwieldy affairs, that even the imperturbable and somewhat obstinate Thomas can not perfectly control and manage to advantage.

PORTRAIT OF BISHOP MERRILL.—Stephen Mason Merrill, whose portrait graces this number of our magazine, was born in Jefferson County, Ohio, September 8, 1825. A large portion of his childhood and youth was spent in the vicinity of Hillsboro and Greenfield, Highland County, Ohio. He was converted in boyhood, and attached himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the age of nineteen, he was licensed to

preach, and delivered his first sermon in Greenfield. In 1846 he was admitted into the Ohio Conference, and appointed on the Monroe Circuit. His life, as a pastor, has been spent wholly in Ohio and Kentucky. In 1868, he was elected by the General Conference editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, in which office he served four years, when he was elevated to the episcopacy.

In person, Bishop Merrill is tall, compactly built, black-bearded, dark-skinned, with a keen black eye, of a dignified deportment, and a sedate countenance. Yet there is a streak of humor in his composition, and he is not slow to laugh at a joke. He is a good preacher, full of solid argument and sound words, little given to rhetorical figures, and seldom indulging in imaginative flights, but still interesting as well as instructive to the thoughtful hearer. His cast of mind leads him rather to the elaboration of doctrinal points than to the practical enforcement of them. In controversial theology, he is at home, and as a debater, he has few superiors.

Bishop Merrill has been a close student, and, though without the advantages of a scholastic training, he is a fair scholar, and understands enough of the original tongues in which the Scriptures were written not to be confounded by a show of superior scholarship in an adversary. As an administrator of discipline, he will most likely be cautious; and, while not arbitrary, will not be in haste to resort to doubtful expedients. Dr. Merrill's episcopal record is yet largely to make, but from what we know of the *man*, we can safely trust the *bishop*.

YANKEE INGENUITY is endless. It found an able exponent in Dr. Pierce of the *Zion's Herald*, at the New England Conference, who harnessed an able and eloquent missionary sermon to the text, "Do thyself no harm, for we are all here."

LIQUOR-VENDERS appear to have found an apologist for their nefarious trade in Rev. T. K. Beecher, of Elmira, New York, who is roundly taken to task for his inconsistent consistency (so Beecherish and Emersonish) by Rev. Dr. A. C. George.

THE ADIRONDACKS! Those who can not visit them may solace themselves by studying the beautiful picture presented by our artists in the present number of the REPOSITORY.

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ESQUISSE ET ARRANGÉE PAR A. COMPIGNON DE CHATELAIN

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